THE

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## *TO THE PUBLIC.*

THE first appearance of a new publication can scarcely fail to excite a considerable degree of interest. As it cannot but cause great anxiety in the mind of the author, so it generally raises equal curiosity in that of the public. It is somewhat like the introduction of a young person into company; every one is eager to observe, whether her appearance corresponds with the expectations previously excited, while the parent awaits, with a variety of mixed sensations, the moment that must irrevocably consign her beloved offspring to admiration or neglect. If such be the sensation produced in a greater or less degree by every work which issues from the press, it must be much heightened in the case of a periodical publication, where the merits of a few of the first numbers have so much influence in deciding the fate, not only of themselves, but of their successors. For these reasons, it will not be thought improper to give the reader a general idea of the present undertaking, the motives that excited the attempt, the inducements that encouraged its performance, and the general plan intended to be followed. Otherwise, perhaps, having conceived vague and incorrect notions of its nature and objects, he might contract a prejudice against it at the very outset, when he found, on entering, that the interior arrangements, though well adapted to the purposes for which it was intended, fell short of his expectations, or differed from others of the same description. This species of prejudication should be carefully guarded against; for, as in an extensive tract of country, the buildings usually resemble each other in their general design, though each differs from the rest in some particulars, in order to accommodate it to its situation; so, though all publications of the same kind as the present, have that general resemblance which shows them to be creatures of the same species, each is marked and distinguished by some peculiarity arising from local circumstances. From inadvertence to this, it frequently happens that the mind, already prepossessed in favour of some former production, without making allowance for these varieties, refers the new immediately and exactly to the old, and is determined, not so much by its intrinsic merit, as by its coincidence with, or deviation from its favourite standard of perfection.

But, before entering on the merits of the present work, it may be necessary to notice two objections. One of these, indeed, is of a very general nature, and every new publication is liable to it; the other chiefly affects those introduced under the same circumstances as the present.

It has been frequently asserted, that so far from encouraging new books, every means ought to be used to prevent their increase, and even to di-

minish the number of the old. Perhaps, however, it will be found, that an increase of publications is a necessary consequence, as it certainly is a convincing proof, of an increasing desire of literary information. To gratify every palate, a variety, as extensive as the diversity of tastes, is requisite. The book that is rejected by one class, finds admirers in another: the sentiment which is obscure in one light, strikes at once when placed in a different point of view. Like fire in the flint, though the mind be long insensible to the attempts of the writer, a single spark may be unexpectedly struck out, to light up a flame in the soul never after to be extinguished.

The other objection respects the local circumstances under which the present work appears, and affects every composition published in this part of the empire. We are, no doubt, in a distant province, remote from that great laboratory of learning whence every artificer draws the greater part of those materials which he afterwards, with so much mental labour and ingenuity, works up into articles of ornament and use; yet if we are deprived of the peculiar advantages, we are also free from the peculiar inconveniencies, from the prejudices, the parties, the jarring interests which distract and confuse that great metropolis. As spectators on an eminence, too distant to be biassed by their hopes and fears, yet near enough to view and judge of their operations, we view the different parties contending in the great field of science; we can calmly observe their movements, avoid their errors, and improve on their discoveries. Here we can behold the great machine in motion, observe its action, remark its several wheels and springs, without being stunned by its noise, or endangered by its vicinity. We see the various systems of politics and literature revolving each in its separate course, without being drawn into the vortex; and behold the great luminaries of the present age enlightening their respective spheres without being overpowered by their attraction or dazzled by their splendor. In this retreat, our book is presented to the reader's eye as the enchanted glass of the magician, there to summon up at pleasure the various pictures requisite to attract his curiosity, arrest his attention, or excite his emulation; and on closing the volume, like the dissolving of the spell, he is instantly snatched from the midst of the tumultuous scenes in which he had been an imaginary spectator, and enjoys the pleasing reflection, that he reaps the fruits of that experience, those labours, contests, and battles, which had been presented to his mind, without endangering his tranquillity or disturbing his repose.

Nor should it be forgotten that, by this peculiarity of situation, what is lost in one point is gained in another; as an opportunity is thus afforded of procuring information peculiar to this province, which would be dissipated and lost without a provincial Magazine in which to store it up for future service. No other part of the empire, perhaps, affords a greater abundance and variety of objects to attract the speculative mind, or better means to bring them into notice. An extensive tract of country, wonderfully diversified in soil and produce, a central town in the midst of a numerous population, an industrious disposition, an inquisitive mind, a persevering tem-

per, wealth sufficient to support speculation without inducing indolence, a strong natural taste for science, not a little for works of fancy, each capable of high improvement, all these mark a spot where literature must flourish if its seed be permitted to germinate.

Such considerations induced a number of persons, equally anxious for the general dissemination of knowledge and the improvement of their native country, to unite their endeavours to draw forth these several causes into action; to elicit and collect every rill, which, if left to itself, must waste away, or merely enamel the spot through which it trickled, and thus to form a copious and permanent stream, which, after serving to fertilize and adorn the country that gave it birth, might send, if not a celebrated, at least no contemptible supply to the great ocean of literature.

By uniting the stock of each individual, they resolved to form a capital to which others might hereafter contribute according to their abilities or inclination. By acting thus they hoped that diversity of talent would secure variety in the execution; and also be the means of preserving them from the fate of former adventurers, whose well-intended efforts have failed, principally through neglect of this precaution. These failures have been to them a salutary warning by which they have endeavoured to profit; as mariners make use of the wrecks of former navigators to avoid the shoals on which they foundered.

In forming the general plan, the London Monthly Magazine was chosen, not as a pattern to copy from with servility, but as a model to imitate; and we must add, not without a wish, though we can scarcely say, a hope, that the disciple may one day surpass the master. Like it, pleasure is rendered subsidiary to improvement; instruction is its leading characteristic, and entertainment a secondary consideration. Like it, also, fanciful decorations, intended rather to catch the eye than to inform the mind, have been rejected. Others may choose the keen edge and sparkling brilliancy of the diamond; we prefer the solid influence and guiding attraction of the loadstone.

In selecting materials, every care has been taken to reject whatever could give just ground of offence to any particular class of readers, as it is an indisputable principle, that what is intended for the benefit of all, should give needless cause of dislike to none. For this reason, theological controversies and intemperate political discussions have been excluded. The former, as they are generally treated, are, to use the forcible language of a British divine, but a dark diabolical quarrel about religion; we therefore consign them to those writings of which they are the peculiar subject. As to the latter, the facts which give rise to those political differences that agitate the public mind must be recorded; but they shall be laid before the reader as they are, undisguised by party or prejudice, and should they at any time require explanation or remark, we trust that these shall be always dictated by the spirit of true constitutional patriotism.

Among the subjects which ought to form a necessary and principal part of a magazine published in Ireland and addressed to Irishmen, whatever

relates to our native country should have the first place. Whatever information can be collected concerning the origin, antiquities, history, language, manners, or topography of this country, shall be sedulously collected and laid before the reader. The connection between this island and those parts of the world where knowledge is supposed to have had its birth, has long been matter of ingenious conjecture, and from the persevering inquiries of those who have examined and compared the circumstances of both, is every day confirmed by more substantial proofs. Here then is a field of speculation not merely to the Irish antiquarian, but to the universal philosopher; not discovering the rise and tracing the progress of a single insulated people, but developing the origin of nations. To the lover of such speculations we offer to hold the lamp, to guide him to those relics that lie beneath his feet before they be totally concealed by the ever-increasing darkness of antiquity.

But these, however interesting, form but one part of our design. The picture we present, should, like the shield of Achilles, be divided into compartments, each different from its neighbour, though pleasing in itself. For another of these the history of modern Europe affords a subject. In the eventful crisis in which we live, kingdoms and states which had long held the first rank in Europe, have been overwhelmed by violence or sunk into imbecility; some, formerly unknown, have started up into notice; while others, which appeared exhausted by the violence of their former efforts at superiority, have been roused again into action, and exhibited a degree of energy more suitable to their former fame than their present resources. To exhibit to the view such as have risen in this great political ferment, to trace the various circumstances of their rise, to point out the causes that precipitated the fall of others, must afford subject for important and interesting reflections.

To this head may be referred Biography. By recording the life of an illustrious character, we record the history of the time in which he flourished; and by considering each event as connected with the several periods of his life, this portion of history separated from the great chain of events assumes a beginning, middle, and end, which render it complete in itself, by bestowing on it the unity essential to the perfection of any subject. Nor is this the only advantage resulting from this department of history. We here behold public characters stripped of those adventitious circumstances which spread an unreal lustre over them. We trace them to their retirement, their privacy, and view them in these unguarded moments when the mind unbends. At such a time the real character is best discovered. A single glance or turn of the countenance serves the skilful physiognomist as a clue to unravel a whole line of character, so a short anecdote, a single burst of nature, may unfold a tissue of circumstances which had been hitherto enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

As general biography furnishes a key to general history, so the lives of literary men give us much insight into the state of knowledge. But as such sketches may not always be ob-

tained, and as it is hoped that this work, of which we now draw the outline, will be judged by its adherence rather to the spirit than the letter of the prospectus; we shall always consider it better wholly to omit this department, than to fill the page devoted to instruction with an insipid, barren relation of lives which excite but little interest, or afford few subjects for reflection.

The languages, both ancient and modern, offer another extensive field of information. Essays on the works of celebrated authors, inquiries into the comparative merits of those who have entered on the same career, critical remarks on detached passages, translations from writers little known....any of these, when introduced judiciously and with moderation, will generally meet with a favourable reception. In this part one leading principle shall be to encourage and improve the prevailing taste for the study of our national tongue, to which so many inducements conspire to lead us. But as this is a subject on which it is our intention to enlarge at some future period, any further notice of it at present would be premature.

To the inquirer after literary information we present a regular list of the publications of the preceding month taken from the earliest and most authentic sources. It is also our intention to give a review of such as merit particular attention, especially those which have any relation to this part of the empire; and once in every quarter to give a short and concise character of all which have appeared during the preceding months.

To the merchant, manufacturer, farmer, and inquirer into nature, we present regular reports suitable to their various pursuits....commercial, agricultural, botanical, meteorological and medical; and shall also add in every number one or more essays on some of these subjects.

Works of fancy, though they do not hold the first place in our estimation, shall not be altogether overlooked. We do not forget the unstrung bow. They shall be inserted, but sparingly and with selection; never forgetting, as has been already hinted, that even what amuses the imagination should have an indirect tendency to improve the heart.

Among these, or rather as the link which connects the *pleasing* with the *useful*, may be classed essays on the manners and habits of society at present. These light sketches of man as he is, in whatever shape they have appeared, when executed with fidelity and judgment, have never failed to please. Considered in themselves, they serve to direct the attention to numberless objects which are unnoticed only because they are habitual: but when considered as part of a series first commenced by Steele, and continued, though with many interruptions, to the present day, they must excite a much more lively interest, by tracing out, as in a series of paintings, the variations of those fluctuating and evanescent fashions which have successively fascinated and disgusted the greater part of polished society.

Of poetry we shall be cautious in our promises. For though this part of Ireland has produced so many specimens of a rich poetical vein, that we may safely reckon on a copious supply, every way worthy of the

lovers of this species of composition, we feel ourselves bound to separate with the most scrupulous exactitude, the metal from the dross, and to issue none but what bears the undoubted stamp of sterling merit. But, on the other hand, let not those who wish to subject their productions to this assay, be discouraged at our declaration: let it be remembered that, though many worthless pieces have forced themselves into notice through such a channel, the public are indebted to a periodical publication for the two most finished productions of their kind, that have principally tended to the well deserved celebrity of a Goldsmith and a Gray.

These, with the usual account of monthly occurrences, are the principal sources whence our materials are to be drawn; but should any thing which may promote our main objects, present itself, though not included in their range, it shall be immediately seized: and we earnestly call upon all who are actuated with a similar desire of improving the minds and exalting the literary character of their countrymen, to step forward, and range themselves beneath the banner which is now unfurled. Individual exertions alone can serve the common cause. Literary assistance therefore we earnestly solicit, and will thankfully receive. We shall also feel ourselves equally obliged to Correspondents who furnish us with hints which may serve to point out an error, or lead to improvement in our design, or in the mode of execution. The public voice shall direct those labours, which are solely directed to the public good.

## COMMUNICATIONS ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS.

A TASTE for ridicule may be considered as one of the strongest features in the character of the true born Englishman. The Spanish Don, the Dutch Mynheer, the French Monsieur, the Scotch Sawny, the Irish Blunderer, &c. &c. are appellations in the British phraseology which are always associated with the ideas of ridicule, and are used to convey indirectly a supposed superiority in an Englishman over the characters of the personages so denominated. We need not stop to analyze this peculiar mode of national feeling, as metaphysical inquiries might possibly be necessary in the course of the research; and metaphysical inquiries are, in my opinion, rather a laborious means of showing a man's ignorance, than a science of real utility. I think it therefore more prudent to have recourse to a plain and simple course of reasoning in the following inquiry, "Are the natives of this island more prone to blundering than any other nation in Europe?"

In putting the case into a questionable shape, you will see, sir, that I am for considering this matter completely as one liable to discussion. I am not sufficiently national to deny positively that a character so uniformly attributed to our countrymen, may not have some foundation in the nature of things. But at the same time, I consider the charge so very *outré*, so poorly accounted for on the principles of common reasoning, that I cannot help looking on it as worthy of general discussion.

It is usually remarked that the Irish character is peculiarly turbulent; that it exhibits a vivacity of a peculiar nature, and a consequent rapidity of thought which frequently

hurries them forward in the expression of their ideas with such velocity as frequently to expose them to all the bulls, blunders, and errors arising from unusual quickness. Let us examine this statement of the matter.

All violent passions are liable to disturb the usual current of language. The angry man, for instance, will not depict his feelings with minute precision, he will convey his meaning elliptically. His mind is too much agitated to adhere to the alphabetical arrangement of his ideas, he is satisfied if he can be understood by short, detached sentences; there are consequently many hiatuses in his language which are left to the sagacity of his hearer to fill up, and which rarely require much overstrained reasoning to accomplish..... The rage of Hotspur and its cause may be easily collected from the heterogeneous mass of sentences which he pours forth. If the Irishman expresses his anger in a manner peculiar, and distinct from every other person, it must follow, that the turbulence and vivacity of an Irishman, are totally different from those of any other human being, or they are not; the dilemma I think indisputable. The former has been frequently asserted, without that *trifling appendage* to assertion, the *proof* necessary to make it more than *mere assertion*, and so long as this shall be the case, I may without being accused of much national prejudice, deny the proposition.

The fact is, our countrymen are as liable as people of other nations to allow their passions, at times, to gain the ascendancy over them, and as they have not as yet felt the full effects of civilization, it may very naturally happen, that we are more frequently liable to unevenness of temper, and to those violent exertions of it, than others who have enjoyed the advantages of superior national education; but surely no one will hazard the assertion, that absurdities of expression vanish as the light of science rises to its meridian. If it be so, I think it might be a profitable speculation for some one of the London printers to send a cargo of his hungry writers to the wilds of Caffraria, or Negroland, in search of (what by the courtesy of England he may call) "a collection of Irish Bulls."

On the subject of national character in general, I am inclined to differ from the usual opinions on the subject: education can bend the human mind into any form. Climate may give a trivial cast to the character; the poverty of a country may make its inhabitants inhospitable; profusion in the soil may encourage generosity; but education and government alone form the soul of man. When I compare the hardy African who crossed the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhone, the Durance, and carried terror and dismay into the very heart of the Roman territory, with him who is now toiling in his chains, or indulging in the voluptuous recesses of a seraglio; must I bewail the change of climate or of government? The question I conceive requires no answer.

It is asserted by Miss Edgeworth, (vide her essay on bulls) that the period when this stigma of bull-making began to be attached to the Irish character, cannot be ascertained, and all we can positively state on the subject at present, is, that the imputation was not laid to our charge so early as the reign of Elizabeth. This we can ascertain to a very critical degree of accuracy, from the *dramatis personæ* of that period. Among Shakespeare's characters, for instance, we see the Frenchman held up to ridicule; the Cambrian too has fallen under the severity of his humour, and it is probable we should have met with some *caricatures* from Scotland, had not the state of affairs rendered such an exertion of wit impolitic, in one who was a kind of appendage to the court; but no consideration of policy exempted him from exerting all his talents in delineating the absurdities of our national character, had such absurdities existed at the time. Capt. Macmorris (in Henry the V.) is brave, impetuous and addicted to swearing; but in this character I can see nothing of a national cast. The *traits* above-mentioned are such as frequently occur in the

composition of a military character, and (with the exception of the brogue of Captain Macmorris) he might easily pass for an individual of any nation in Europe.

The wits of Charles' days were equally inattentive to this *imputed* characteristic of our nation; we may therefore naturally conclude that we had not then arrived at that degree of confusion *in our reasoning faculties* which has been since attributed to us, which would authorize their notice. It was not till a much later period that wit began to single us out for ridicule. After the extensive settlements made in the country by the followers of Cromwell, and after they had propagated a new race of beings in Ireland, the British dramatists and novelists commenced their attacks upon Hibernian absurdity.....Before this period, we were only stigmatized as savages, but henceforward we are to look upon ourselves not only as savages, but as the remnants of the builders of Babel, speaking one thing, and meaning another. It is rather whimsical, that this part of our national character should have attracted notice at so critical a time. Had it been proved that we were capable of making bulls prior to *this period of settlement*, we might fairly challenge the full and undisputed claim to this peculiar form of absurdity. But as the imputation has not been mentioned till after a certain period when our blood began to flow in mingled currents, we cannot with any justice withhold from the settlers of the sister isle a portion of the credit attached to such a character.

To bring the matter fairly into discussion, we should institute a trial of skill between ourselves and the different nations of Europe; but as this would be rather a tedious operation, should it be carried on with all the minuteness and precision of a law-suit, should we call upon the individuals of each nation, question, cross-question, puzzle, &c. &c. we must abandon this mode of procedure, and rest contented with examining the authors of those different nations, comparing them with our own, fairly pointing out their respective absurdities wherever they may occur, and, *let common sense draw the conclusion.*

Before we proceed, however, I wish to make a few remarks on the absurdities of the classic authors in the Greek and Latin languages, and to account in some manner for the exemption which they have enjoyed from the imputation laid to our charge.

The laws of composition amongst the antients, though rigidly enforced, will nevertheless in many instances be found to grant a latitude to writers which is not at all allowable in the present day. When Virgil calls the *sun, a lantern,* we immediately call to mind the figure of speech by which the expression was authorized, and pass it over without a comment. The Tapinosis removes every qualm of conscience in a Roman or Grecian scholar, should he encounter any discordancy of expression, any poverty of language peeping out here or there in his favourite author.

But when he shall chance to meet with any thing like downright nonsense, even here, he feels himself perfectly relieved from every kind of embarrassment, *Sunt certa piacula,* ANGLICE, *figures of speech,* which like so many knight-errants are ready at the word of command, to go forth the professed champions of every absurdity of expression.

When Virgil makes his hero exhort his companions in arms, first, *to die,* and after that to *rush into the middle of the battle*;* how easily a man of literature can *swallow* this blunder, by seasoning it moderately with the ὑστερον, πρότερον, (vulgarly called *putting the cart before the horse*). Rhadamanthus too, is represented by the same poet, as first *punishing* the souls of the damned, and then *putting them to the bar.*† The sentence, we must

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*.....Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
Æn. ii. 353.

†Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
Castigatque, auditque dolos, subigitque fateri.
Æn vi. 566, 567.

allow, is somewhat awkward, but is easily made evident to the *meanest capacity* by the aid of the foregoing figure of speech!!!

The Catachresis was another valuable auxiliary to antient literature. By this figure, Virgil and Juvenal were at liberty to say, *Radere litora, metit barbam,* though "shaving the grass," "mowing the beard," are absolutely adduced by the authors of the *Bathos* as expressions worthy of being held up to ridicule.

Wherever the antient authors have deviated into an absurdity of expression, their advocates have acquired a happy mode, not only of repelling any insinuation against their characters, but have even contrived to turn every attack of this nature to the advantage of their favourite author...a *mistake, a bull, or a blunder,* is termed a *strong, bold expression* .....There is much virtue in a..... *good name.*

.....Mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram.
Æn. iv. lines 490, 491.

"Thou shalt *behold,*" says Dido, "the earth to *bellow* under your feet." To *hear* the *bellowing* of the earth would require only a trifling exertion of the magic art; but how extraordinary must the power be, that could make a *sound visible* to the *naked eye!!!*

.....hic labor, hoc opus est.

Dido, in the violence of her rage, tells Æneas, that she will *pursue* him in *her absence*: *Sequar atris ignibus absens.** This is, in the energetic language of Lord Chatham, *trampling on impossibilities.*

Juvenal informs us, that poor Codrus possessed *nothing,* yet withal, he was robbed of this *nothing.*† The strength of this expression lies, I suppose, in this, that, whereas robbing a man of *something,* is to be considered as a mere common breach of the law, to take from him what he *never* had, required such a reach of talent, and of *villainy too,* as makes the whole transaction unusually atrocious; hence are evident the beauty, force and strength of the expression.

Again, Ovid in the loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, lets us know the extraordinary *powers* possessed by fathers in the days of old, in the following verse...

Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare *

In English thus, "Their fathers forbade them to do, what *they had it not in their power to forbid them to do,*"....Here are strength, beauty, parental authority, and.....nonsense in one line!!!

I could multiply examples of this figure of speech *ad infinitum,* did I conceive it capable of answering any good purpose. I shall bid adieu to this part of my subject, after having quoted one strong expression from the sublime father of poetry. In the 3d. book of the Iliad and 40th verse, Hector is made to express a wish that Paris had never been born, *and had never been married.* The reader will observe the precaution used by Hector, a precaution that would have done honour to a special attorney; his *non-existence* was not sufficient to satisfy him, unless he were to remain during this state of non-existence in a *state of celibacy too.*

The blunders usually attributed to the Irish, may be traced in general to some other quarter; that this remark has not been as yet made by some English writer, cannot be attributed to their want of information on the subject; for, contemptible as the author may be, I dare affirm, few of them have passed by the facetious Joe Miller's jests. The absurdities of *Paddy and Teague* are too gratifying to the feelings of Englishmen not to be noticed. I shall take the liberty of producing a few of the *imputed* blunders and the *originals.*

"The greatest misfortunes are always *attended by greater.*" Milton,

* Æn. 4. line 384.

† Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? Et tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil:....
Juv. Sat. iii. 208.

* The blunder may be avoided by making a full stop at "*patres,*" and referring the sentence "*sed vetuere patres,*" to that which precedes it, a correction which I have not noticed in any edition of Ovid which has fallen into my hands, though recommended by *Barnes.*

to express the dreadful feelings of Satan, makes him say,

> And, in the *lowest* deep, a *lower* deep
> Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide.
> Par. Lost, iv. 76, 77.

Perhaps we may trace this still farther back in the *Stultior es stultissimo* of Plautus.

"Arragh the devil burn you," says Teague to his nurse, "it's what you *changed* me while I was at your breast."....This is the very language of Sancho Panza.

"Hah! bad luck to you, you spalpeen," says Paddy, "If you were not idle, you would not be doing that mischief."

Whoever will take the trouble of turning to the Tom Jones of the elegant and witty Fielding, will find these words: "I have heard it remarked by a friend, that when a child is doing *nothing*, he is doing *mischief*."..... Now I *do* remember a remark somewhat similar to this by Swift, that when a child is *silent*, he is surely committing some mischief. But, perhaps, the expression of Fielding's friend may be considered stronger, and therefore preferable.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

TABLE-TALK, OR SKETCHES OF MODERN MANNERS.

SIR,

EVERY person who has devoted any time to the perusal of the classics, knows how to value any, the slightest information contained in them, relative to the domestic arrangements and familiar incidents of their times. Cincinnatus, routing the ennemies of his country, and extending her boundaries by his conquests, commands our respect; but we are deeply interested in his concerns, when the historian depicts him at his plough, called thence to be invested with the highest honours his country could bestow, and regretting, that in consequence of his absence his little farm must remain untilled. In like manner Philopœmen, in his public character, secures our veneration; but we begin to love him when we see him assisting the poor woman to collect sticks for her little fire. It is thus with all the personages recorded in the revering memories of men: they are esteemed and respected so long as they are beheld amidst their splendor; but love does not mingle itself with our esteem; as, perhaps, a little jealousy will always be found mixed in the estimates we form of those who are our superiors. But when some qualifying weakness is discovered, we then begin to love. This, together with the curiosity ingrafted in our nature, urges us to search into the most minute particulars of antient times, and in the pursuit we feel gratified at the discovery of things most familiar amongst ourselves, even though it were no more, as Le Sage humorously says, than the discovery, that at Athens children cried when they were whipt. Thus things the most trivial are gilded as if with the full grace of novelty, and though we would ridicule the man who would *now* commit such things to writing, we endeavour to perpetuate, with honour, the names of those ancients who have recorded them.

While we would not be understood as attributing actual desert to those writers, we must allow them incidental desert; as we should be ungrateful indeed, if we did not make some return to those, who, though not exclusively purposing it, have yet contributed to our entertainment and instruction. Female critics, for example, are not a little pleased when their insinuations about the hair, complexion, and various perfections of a rival beauty are established through the mean of a high wind or warm ball-room.... Now these critics have, no doubt, heard either from their mammas, or learned from some old-fashioned goody book, that such conduct savours a little of envy; that moralists nickname such hinting *slander*, and have said a number of smart things against it; but a discovery of similar conduct among the belles of antiquity must to our *criticas* be invaluable, as it is equal to a thousand arguments: it is itself an unanswerable argument. For it shows the practice to be of *classic authority*: and it has all the authority, which

*prescription* can confer: not that pitiful term of sixty-one years, beyond which (according to our true law-fictions) the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but a prescription, that can plead the weight of thousands of years in its favour.

Learned men are well aware of the truth and correctness of this statement, and their withholding from the fair sex their knowledge on such subjects, can only be accounted for by the known jealousy of the male creature, and the apprehension of being eclipsed by the ladies in such studies; and, to confess the truth, there is just ground for such apprehension. The intellectual quickness of the fair sex is acknowledged, and what might not be expected from it when duly excited? We might, doubtless, look for intense application and study, when it was once made known that mines of knowledge lie yet unexplored, and that the ancients were confessedly our superiors in garters, head-dresses, cosmetics, and all the *arcana* of the toilet. To this pursuit then I would urge our fair countrywomen, with the assurance that they would reap certain benefits from it. In a moral point of view also, some advantage might be expected to result. Our modern **fashioners* might learn a little modesty; as to their claims for invention, they would find that many of those inventions on which they plume themselves, were out of fashion seventeen centuries ago, at least; that nakedness among people who are supposed to be a modest cloths-wearing nation, is no new thought, and that our naked belles have been far excelled by those of antiquity, who, we are told on the word of an honest gentleman of those times, wore "*woven winds.*"

* I shall heartily agree with any one, who shall object to this word, as novel, whimsical, and unauthorised; but I must rest my defence for the introduction of it on the insufficiency of any word in the language to convey the idea of "one, who devotes *all her time* to the disguising of her person, and who thinks, the only object worth pursuit is to devise something novel, whimsical and absurd."

The concerns of the fair sex have had the precedency, as is but just, in this exemplification of the uses, which might be made of an acquaintance with the domestic affairs of the ancients. Many of equal value might be mentioned, that could contribute to the information of the male Sex. To the lovers of good living, for instance, might be pointed out the endless variety of made dishes, sauces, &c. which loaded the tables of the *good livers* in those days; and to those refiners in good eating, who eat alone, either because their enjoyment is heightened thereby, or their tit-bits are too small for two, the secret of enlarging that exquisite morsel, a goose's liver, might be imparted. But such subjects would detain me too long from what I purpose submitting to you with a hope of your patronage.

You may infer, from the foregoing, that the scarce and invaluable remnants of antiquity, which contain the chit-chat of the day, and give us some notion of their dresses, fashions, cookery, &c. have occupied my mind. The plan pursued by Athenæus, in his Deipnosophists, *or Table-talk*, seems admirably adapted for the purpose of delineating the familiar manners of any given period of society. We cannot now ascertain the whole design of Athenæus in this work; but from the nature of it, we may conclude that his views were not bounded by his own times: he seems to have looked to posterity with expanding philanthropy, disinterestedly consulting the gratification of those, who could make him no return. You know, Sir, the work which remains to our times, is a kind of dramatic representation, supposing a number of persons collected at an evening repast, and employed in the discussion of a variety of subjects....some of them of the most familiar nature.

Conversation has been so little cultivated amongst us, that it may be doubted, whether discussions on any subject, in the form of dialogue, would not have an unnatural appearance, and dialogue after nature would, when committed to paper, appear most empty and most absurd. But

for this, I would endeavour to exemplify Athenæus' plan, by supposing some similar meeting among us, and some interesting subject discussed therein. In such a conversation the speakers should not confine themselves to serious subjects; but any thing on which any of the company should wish for information, would be introduced, and thus the *most familiar* things would often be brought forward. Nor let this seem an improbable assertion: for even men of information will, on examination of themselves, be surprized, when they find, they are ignorant of the construction or nature of many of those things with which they are hourly conversant. It would be unwise, however, to attempt seeking the favour of the present times, by holding forth advantages, which must now appear visionary, as having no prototype in the practice of these days; I would therefore change my measures and bespeak so much indulgence, as to be *permitted to suppose* that a few persons *could* be collected, capable of maintaining some rational conversation for a few successive evenings. I mention this, as preparatory to the introduction of my plan and proposals, lest by offending against truth in supposing any such persons could be found without aforesaid permission, I might, in the outset, excite a fatal prejudice in the minds of my readers. Permit me now, sir, (and perhaps you will say it is high time) to introduce myself and my intentions to you, and as you judge them worthy, so extend your patronage.

When Athenæus compiled his work, he could not have expected much applause from his cotemporaries, as they must have been as well acquainted with the topics of his compilation as himself: but as he is almost the only depositary of subjects interesting to us, he is deservedly prized. Meditating on this, I thought some similar sketch of the living manners might hereafter be interesting, and I have, with the purest love for posterity, given up all hope of applause from the present age, to obtain the gratitude of the future. With this view I propose giving a description of the chief objects, that now occupy mankind, classing them into the three grand heads of politics, dress, and domestic economy. This classification may seem imperfect; but it appears to me to include the *quicquid agunt homines.*

Under the first article I purpose to include an account, not merely of the shifts, shuffles, evasions, slanders, and plumb falsehoods of statesmen, the manifestoes, replies and declarations of aggressions by crowned heads, but also the minor rehearsals of these things in counties, shires, borough-towns and private families. To this it may be objected, that the things here enumerated have nothing to do with *politics:* that politics may be justly denominated a noble science, directing the true statesman to the discharge of his painful duty, pointing out to him the resources and wants of his fellow subjects, and prescribing truth and integrity as the basis of every transaction. To this I reply, that my intention is to give a brief abstract of the times, describing things, not as they should be, but as they are. And moreover, that use, the arbiter of language has affixed to the word, the meaning in which I use it. Under *dress* I shall include, not only what is literally called dress, but also what is called so, by by the figure catachresis*, I mean *nakedness*, describing, if possible, the many twinkling changes of the fashion, and the advantages and disadvantages thereof. The third head partakes so much of both the preceding, that on second thoughts I shall throw what I proposed saying

* For the instruction of my female readers I shall subjoin the definition, &c. of this figure. Rhetoricians have observed many singular properties in the application of words, which they have denominated *figures*; as metaphor, simile, &c. the catachresis is an abuse of words, as when a word is used, which implies the opposite to what is said; as e: g. A lady has been muffled up all day at home; in the evening she lays aside her dress and her modesty together; she goes out almost *naked.* Then, *catachrestice*, she is said to have *dressed* for going out.

on it, into the other articles. For domestic economy naturally separates into management of the live stock, viz....the husband, children, servants, horses, pigs and poultry (and this is minor politics) and into purchasing fashionable furniture, starving and squeezing in order to give a fashionable party occasionally; and what is this, with the *et ceteras* but dress and fashion.

You are now in full possession of the outlines of my scheme, and, however I may fail in the execution, I expect your approbation for my disinterestedness in giving up the approbation I might hope to obtain on some other ground from the present age, and in imitation of my generous predecessor, writing only for posterity. Let me further observe, that I proceed under the apprehension that my expectations may be disappointed: if you grant insertion, I have no fear but it will reach futurity. For I anticipate an honourable perpetuity to the existence of your Magazine. But I also anticipate much undeserved censure: my veracity, I fear, will be impeached; and should Baron Munchausen, or 'The True History' be handed down, my painful chronicle will, I fear, be classed with them. Now this would be a case of some hardship, for truth shall be my polar star. Under the head major *politics*, I shall imitate the plan you have proposed, and sedulously avoid any party biass; but if I should mention, that in a time of unexampled danger, statesmen were squabbling for what may be called pence and farthings, while the sterling *millions* of the state were assaulted by an inveterate foe, will not posterity stand in doubt? In minor politics....a form of matrimonial service may reach future times: in this the woman pledges herself unequivocally to obedience; now, if I be faithful, my detail of manners shall go to prove, that this never was her intention, that she would laugh at the notion as absurd and contrary to her intention in marrying, which was to gain her freedom. One instance from dress, and I have done: your meteorological accounts will prove, that one part of our year is in general very inclement, and that *men* think it necessary to be warmly wrapped up at that time. The ladies, on the contrary, brave the cold in a dress in which a man must perish, and in the winter of this *ultima thule* the ordinary and insufficient dress is exchanged at times of festivals for a simulation of dress.

I feel the full force of all this: yet thinking it probable that there may be some reasonable people in after times, I shall leave my work to their judgment, in hopes, they will on examination, discover internal evidences of my veracity,

I hope, Sir, this statement of my purpose will procure me recommendation of assistance in such an arduous work, and you may rely on finding me your very grateful servant,

FABIUS PICTOR.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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## *On the Oriental Emigration of the Irish Druids....Proved from their knowledge in Astronomy, collated with that of the Indians and Chaldeans. From fragments of Irish M.S.S. By Lieut. General Vallancey, L.L.D. F.R.S. M.R.I.A. &c.*

Hæc omnia nostris temporibus completa sunt, tunc cum ædes sacras solo æquari, ac funditus subverti, sacros divinarum scripturarum libros in medio foro concremari, oculis nostris vidimus.

EUSEB. L. 8.

Le meilleur moyen de decouvrir l'origine d'une nation est de suivre en remontant les traces de sa langue comparée á celle des peuples avec qui la tradition des faits nous apprend que ce peuple a eu quelque raport. (PRES. DE BROSSIS.)

FROM the fragments of mythology and astronomy, from similarity of language in physical, metaphysical and astronomical terms, which we shall produce in this essay, there is the strongest reason to believe that the antient inhabitants of Ireland were the Cothi (as they denominate themselves) or Indo-Scythæ, who, Mr. Wilford has proved from the Paranas, were the Palis, Balis, or Bils from that part of Hindoostan, bordering on the Indus, who, according to Irish History, did afterwards settle in Omann, on the Arabian Gulf, where, mixing with

the Dedannites, they became the carriers by land and by sea, of the trade from Ethiopia to India, still preserving the name of shepherds.

Mr. Bruce found their descendants in the same spot a few years ago, following the same employments, making the *Args*, or wicker vessels, covered with hides, for crossing the red-sea, and the *Carbh*, or planked vessels, for longer voyages. "These people," says he, "were in Hebrew, called Phut, and in all other languages, shepherds; they are so still, for they still exist....they subsist by the same occupation....never had another....and therefore cannot be mistaken. They are called *Balous*, *Bagla*, *Beloucee**, *Berberi*, *Barabra*, *Zilla*, and *Hababb*, which all signify but one thing, namely, that of *shepherd*; it is very probable that some of these words signified different degrees among them, as we shall see by the sequel.

In these names we discover the *Palis* or *Balis*, the *Buacal* or Shepherd, and the *Seal*, all Irish words for sheep-grounds and shepherds, or flocks of sheep...in Arabic, *Seleh*, a flock; even at this present hour, it is the custom in the mountains of Scotland, that some people remove to feed their cattle on the hills, dwelling, during that season, in huts, called *scalans*, or shepherds' huts, and in winter retire to their warmer habitations in the vallies. The name *Berberi* may probably be the Irish Fearbaire, a cowherd, to distinguish him from the shepherd.

"Letters too," adds Mr. Bruce, "at least one sort of them, and arithmetical characters†, we are told, were invented by this middle part of the Cuthites, while trade and astronomy, the natural history of the winds and the seasons, were what necessarily employed the colony."

It is a remarkable circumstance on record, that when the rest of Europe, through ignorance or forgetfulness, had no knowledge of the true figure of the earth, in the eighth century, the rotundity and true figure of it, should have been taught by the Irish Druids. "Feargill, latinized into *Virgilius*, descended of an ancient and honourable family in Ireland, left his native country, and passed over into France, where he spent two years in the court of King Pepin, by whom he was kindly entertained for his learning, and sweetness of behaviour. He was sent by the king to Otilo, duke of Bavaria, to be preferred to the bishopric of Saltzburg, and after two years stay in that province, he was consecrated on the 13th of June, 767. He is the author of a discourse on the Antipodes, which he most truly held, though against the received opinion of the antients, who imagined the earth to be a plane (Sir James Ware)." This is also mentioned by Mascou in his history of the antient Germans; and in vol. 16 of Cass. and Labb. councils, is Pope Zachary's tenth letter, which contains his damnation of this Hibernian philosopher. Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, having written that there were Antipodes, Boniface, archbishop of Mayence, the pope's legate, declared him an heretic, and consigned him to the flames. (D'Israeli Cur. of Lit.)

Brucker, in his Historia Critica Philosophiæ, says, that from the seventh to the twelfth century, philosophy and the muses could find no other secure retreat, than in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland; but in the life of St. Germanus, we are told that the *English* sent their children, at this period, *to Ireland for Education*, and from these nurseries they returned to England and obtained great reputation; for Eric says, "what shall I say of Ireland, who, despising all the dangers of the sea, is migrating to our

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* The Indo-Scuthæ, occupied the coast of Syria, under the title of Belidæ, Cadmians, and Phœnices. (Bryant.) They are called Cusæans, Arabians, Eruthræans, Ethiopians. But among themselves, their general patronymic was Cuth, and their country Cutha (Bryant.) Scythæ in sacris Egyptiorum instructi ab exercitu Ramesis, qui jam annos ante Sesostrim circiter centum, Lybia, Ethiopia, Medis, Persis, Bactris, et Scythis potitus dicitur; fuerunt Colchi Scythæ, Egyptiorum coloni. ALPHAB. TIBET.

† To the Indo-Scuthæ we are indebted for the use of those cyphers or figures, commonly called Arabian. (Bryant.) Notæ vulgares numerorum, nihil aliud sunt quam literæ Scythicæ. Indi easdem notas numerales habent, sed habent a Persis. Persæ autem ortu sunt Scythæ. BOXHORNIUS.

coasts with almost her whole train of *philosophers?*" The same may be said of Scotland.

Johannes Scotus was a scholar of this age; for his profound knowledge of philosophy, he obtained the appellation of Scotus the wise; in short, learning in Europe was confined to those who wrote and spoke the Gaelic tongue, and this accounts for the Latin words at the beginning of each chapter of every Irish manuscript, treating of science (afterwards repeated in the Irish language) which were designed as references for the English scholars.

They were also masters of the Greek and Hebrew languages, as we find many Irish words explained, in the old glossaries, in those languages. *Usher*, speaking of *Virgilius*, says, we are told he made a journey to the holy-land, and took with him a bishop, named *Dobdan*, a Greek, who followed him from Ireland. I should wonder, says Usher, at a Grecian's going from Ireland, did I not know that at Trim, in Meath, is a church called the Greek church, at this day, 1632.

In the following sheets many words and scientific terms in the Irish are derived from the Chaldee, Hebrew and Arabic. In this I have done no more than the very learned Costard has done before me. "It may seem strange," says he, in his history of antient Astronomy, "that in my derivations I have mentioned the Hebrew and Arabic languages; but to obviate any difficulties on this head, it is to be observed that the Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldee, are only dialects of one and the same original language. Where a signification, therefore, is wanting in the Chaldean language, we may safely have recourse to the other two, and see whether it may not be preserved in one or other of them; thus much concerning the true derivation of the names of the several planets. And Sir William Jones, in the preface to his Persian Grammar, asserts that the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac and Ethiopian tongues are only dialects of the Arabic.

That great linguist, Mons. Fourmont, tells us "the language of a nation is always the most durable of its monuments; by this we learn its antiquities and discover its origin." And the no less learned Pougens says, "The science of Etymology is the surest course to ascend to the sources of history, as well as to the origin of nations. The art of Etymology is to the historian like the magic armour described by Tasso, which serves to destroy all the delusions of the enchanted Grove."

A nobleman of our own country, distinguished by his knowledge of oriental languages, in a letter to me, says, "That *Asiatic* tribes have settled in *Ireland*, either directly, or after intermediate migration through other countries, is a point upon which I entirely agree with you. The reasons for this belief do not rest on the traditional histories of the country; though those histories may be adduced as a striking confirmation of the conclusion which you have drawn from the Irish language. There is in this country a singular commixture of two *Asiatic languages* essentially different, of which languages the *Persic* and the *Arabic* are at present the best specimens. These must have penetrated hither by different routes and at different periods. What makes me conceive that we did not know these languages already mingled, is this; the *Persic* is at this day interlarded with many *Arabic* phrases, and the *Arabic* has borrowed many *Persic* terms. In Ireland there has been (as far as I am competent to speak from mere examination of your Irish Grammar) a curious amalgamation of the two languages. That the *Hindoos* may, in older time, have had knowledge of this country, is not a strained supposition. There is great reason to believe that Hindoostan drew its science from Iran, and we are well-informed of the intercourse between *Babylon* and the *Phœnicians*. The tin introduced by the latter into Asia, was an article of such general use for hardening the copper, of which the antients made their arms, that curiosity would naturally produce inquiry respecting the country whence so important a material was brought. Accounts, therefore, exaggerated and embellished of the British Islands may have found their way to the *Hindoos;* and may have become the groundwork for religious fables among that

people. I am, however, inclined to attribute the coincidence between those passages in the *Puranas* and the superstitions established at Lough Dearg to another circumstance. Every tribe that has in the early ages acquired a fresh settlement by emigration, has immediately *located* its traditions, and *naturalized* its customs in the new territory. Much confusion has arisen in history, from want of attention to this very simple fact, as has been justly observed by you in your vindication of the antient history of Ireland. The deficient links of the history cannot any where be found, unless in the East; therefore, I congratulate you on the correspondence which your have opened with Mr. Ouseley and Mr. Wilford."

Dr. Priestley, in his discourses relating to the Evidences of Revealed Religion, printed at Philadelphia, 1797, observes, "In my former discourses I introduced some curious particulars in confirmation of the Mosaic History, from Vol. third of *Asiatic Researches*, and having been favoured with the perusal of Sir Lawrence Parsons' Observations on the Request of Henry Flood, esquire, with a defence of Colonel Vallancey's antient History of Ireland, it appears to me exceedingly probable, that some of the inhabitants of Ireland were a colony from the nothern parts of Phœnicia, who emigrated to some part of Spain, and at length settled in Ireland. For the proofs I must refer my readers to Sir Lawrence's work, which is well deserving of attention."

May all our literary labours tend to confirm the writings of the inspired penman;....those writings which will be ever found the best and surest pole-star in our researches into the abstruse regions of antient Etymology, and the mazes of antient mythology and metaphysics, in order to develope the foundations of philosophical unbelief, so fatally prevalent, and to expose their rottenness. The mortifications of the faithful witnesses, who would willingly enlighten and reform the public mind, are perhaps more nearly allied than is generally thought.

Let not my readers say, *quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*, or exclaim, as Cardinal d'Este did to Ariosto, *dove diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie.*

Thus much I thought proper to say, as an introduction to the knowledge of the Irish Druids in Astronomy, the subject of the following sheets.

CHAP. I.

OF the origin of Astronomy we are ignorant. It is lost in the abyss of time. Whatever progress man had made in this science before the deluge, it is probable that this, with every other monument of arts and sciences, was swept away from all mankind, except Noah and a few of his descendants. The effects which the confusion of tongues, and the dispersion of families, must have produced, rendered the remains of Astronomical knowledge of little use to the descendants of Noah.

It is generally supposed to have been reduced to system by the Chaldeans, the philosophers of Babylonia. The Jews have a tradition that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, wrote of astronomy, and particularly of the number and names of the stars, and their secret virtues; and that Seth, the son of Adam, inscribed on two pillars, the theory of celestial science, which was by that means perpetuated by Cainan, Mahaleel, and Jared unto Enoch. Abraham also, who was a Chaldean, at least from Ur in Chaldea, is said to have inscribed on two pillars whatever related to the Astronomical Science. I mention these reports to introduce two very remarkable circumstances; first, that *Aonack* (pronounced Enoch) in Irish, signifies a cycle, particularly the cycle of the sun, a year, an anniversary; and we are told in Genesis, that all the days of Enoch were three hundred and sixty five. Secondly, that the Irish Druids did mark the cycles on rough stones, as Abraham is said to have done. These stones are named *Gollan-cloiche, Dallan-cloiche, Clochatuinidhe*, and *Cart-haden*, words which the Irish Lexicographers translate, rude pillars of stone inscribed with *Ogham*, or sacred characters, which none could read but the Druids. These stones were also named *Gull* and *Gaill*, as Cormac informs us in his Glossary, and that they were erected by the first colonists that came to Ireland.

Smith has given a plan and eleva-

tion of one of these *Gollan Cloiche* in his history of the county of Cork. It is composed of a circle of nine large stones; in the centre is the conical Muidher, the Mahoody of the Indians, and the Mudros of the Greeks. At the distance of one hundred and twenty yards from this temple is the *Gollan;* but he says nothing of the inscription.

In the above-mentioned names we discover many Oriental words for a cycle. The Chaldean *doul*, the Arabic *dawlon* and *dawlet;* a period or cycle, forms the Irish *Dallan*. From the Chaldee *Gola*, a cycle (whence, *galgalino*, the seven spheres of the planets; *gilgal*, an orb or sphere) is derived the Irish *Goll, Gull, Gallan;* and from the Chaldee *cart*, a stone, in Arabic, *Khaureh*, a stone, and *Tedain*, inscribing in public records, we have the Irish *Carthadin*. The Irish *Cloch*, a stone, is the Chaldee, *Kla;* all which distinctly point out the use of the Druidical cycle stones, with Ogham inscriptions.

The ingenious Mr. Beaufort has met with several of these pillars; and in his Druidism revived (Collectanea, Vol. second) has given us some drawings, and attempted to make out an alphabet, but time has so defaced the inscriptions, that the alphabet is conjectural.

Manuscripts of astronomy in the Irish language did exist in the time of Smith and Harris, authors of the histories of the counties of Cork and Down, published about fifty years ago. They mention that they had seen one in the library of St. Patrick's cathedral. A strict search has been frequently made, at my request, but no such book could be found.

From conversations with the peasants of this country, from fragments of ancient glossaries, and from names existing in the modern printed dictionaries, my curiosity was raised to the highest degree, because I found all astronomical names corresponded neither with the Greek, Latin, German, Welsh, or Saxon tongues, but with the Chaldean. For example, the word *Nag* a star, whence *Maid-din Nag*, the morning star, *Venus*, is literally the Chaldean and Syriac *Nag* and *Naga*, light, splendor, Lucifer, Venus, the morning star; the Chaldee *Medinah*, the east, from *denah* to arise; and hence the Irish *Maid-din* the morning, because of the sun's position: and hence a curious old manuscript in Irish is named *Dinseanacas*, or the Oriental origin or antiquity of the Irish, supposed to be fabulous, describing the origin and derivation of the names of mountains, &c. but in which will be found much of the mythology of the *Hindoos**.

A small treatise on astronomy, in Irish, containing some observations on Ptolemy, has been lent me by my ingenious and learned friend, Mr. Astle, author of the origin of alphabetical writing.

This manuscript has been in the hands of the late Dr. Parsons, author of the Remains of Japhet, as I found, by the following letter between the sheets of the manuscript.

*Dear Sir,* *Red Lion-square, June 5*, 1765.

"I have looked over your curious manuscript with great pleasure, and find it to be very valuable, on several accounts. First, for its antiquity, as it was certainly written within the century of the conversion of the people to Christianity: for this is the most pure and ancient character of the Magogian tongue, from which the Greek and every other alphabet in Europe had its rise. This may, perhaps, surprise the learned; but it shall not want proper authority, when I publish a work I now amuse myself with, to that purpose, which you shall see ere long, if it pleases God to spare me a little while. Secondly, it is a treatise on cosmography, which has for illustration several astronomical

* That learned philologer, in European tongues, Mr. Lhuyd, in his *Archæologia* makes this remark:.....Britain must have been inhabited by some older nation than the *Cimmeri* or *Welsh*, because the names of rivers, mountains, &c. still existing in Britain, cannot be derived from the Welsh language, but are all to be found in the Irish; and thence concludes, that older nation must have been the Irish.



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schemes, laid down according to the system of *Ptolemy*; and the whole seems to be founded upon his *De Judiciis Astrologicis.*

"There is an astronomical Rotula at the beginning, with a moveable index of vellum, containing the names of the signs of the zodiac and planets, in Latin, with the numeral figures: and it is remarkable that they had not quite adopted the Q, which is of Latin invention, except as initials, when they wrote Latin: for *aquarius* is spelled *acarius*, notwithstanding they were versed in the Latin tongue, from the necessity they were under of making copies of the gospels, on account of Christianity: for no more than seventeen letters were ever used in the Irish language; but in writing Latin they were obliged to take the superfluous letters of this, though they continued to use their own characters.

"In one of the schemes, the earth is put in the centre, and the other three elements, *aca*† for aqua, aer, ignis, round it in different spheres, and beyond the firmament.

"There are many other schemes showing the earth in the centre, with the orbits of the sun and planets round it, in some of which the names are Latin and some Irish. And it is remarkable that the two or three first words of every article, except a few, are Latin, but the treatise itself is Irish.

"I make no doubt this was the system at that time adopted, and *joined to their own ancient astronomical doctrines*, and taught in their universities, of which they had many.

"The first words in capitals are the titles of the ensuing writing, as if the author had designed them for heads of chapters; for one of them has these words, *dico quod occasio hujus ignis, &c.* and then follows the philosophy of fire. And thus are written the accounts of the other elements, and parts of the system; but the first chapter is the exordium, or introduction to the whole book, beginning thus, *Gloria Deo principio:* to which is subjoined, in Irish, *Gloir do Dhia do toisach gan tosach;* which means, Glory to God, the beginning without a beginning: and to this succeeds a table of contents in the Irish language.

"Then follows the chapter of the firmament, and the opinions of philosophers, beginning with *Dicunt Philosophi;* and to this chapter belongs the scheme already mentioned of the four elements and firmament.

"Another chapter begins with *Calor & frigiditas:* and indeed regular chapters of each of the four elements, according to their arrangement in the scheme. There are also particular descriptions and philosophical discussions upon the different schemes linear or circular, upon seas, rivers, &c. which shows the work to be a complete cosmography.

"The other leaves do not belong to this work, but are fragments of a system of the art of medicine, which my time will not permit me to describe in a particular manner. I must however remark, that this was also written within that century, but later than the other, and that this was about the time that the learned men invented and used so vast a number of abbreviations, as render manuscripts very difficult to be understood. I know many, but not two thirds of them, and had much trouble in preparing this account for you." I am, &c. JAMES PARSON.

I shall not here give a full translation of this work, but extract such parts as will make it appear that it is, as the Doctor observes, Observations on Ptolemy and others, together with a system adopted and joined *to their own ancient and astronomical doctrines*; for if it had been a literal translation of Ptolemy, or any other Greek author, no such names as *Sdan* for the poles, *Nag* for a star, *Sibal* for the sun's path, *Geis* and *Agheis* for the sign Aries, *Argheis*

† Aca, oice, oige, uige, in Irish, water; whence *Cannoice*, the star *Oice*, sometimes written for *Cann-ob* whence *Canobus*, in the constellation Argo. Chaldee and Ethiopic, *houg*, water, a lake; From *oige* is formed *oig-ogh* the hero of the water, *ogyges*, i. e. Noah; and Uiginge, a fleet, &c.

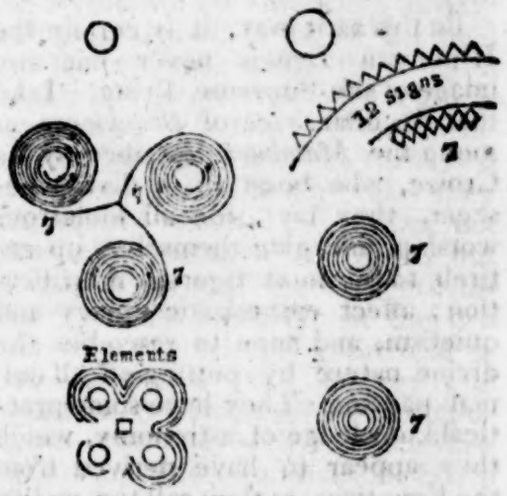
and *Leo* for the Bull, which are all Oriental.....could possibly have occurred.

The Doctor observes that the treatise begins with Gloria Deo Principio, to which the Irish author has subjoined, *da toisach gan tosach* which means, *a beginning without a beginning*. It is an addition that merits attention, and a proof whence the Hibernian Druids drew their knowledge. God, the creator, the *Sos indfir* of the Druids, the *Zeus* of the Phenicians, was represented by a circle, a figure without beginning or end. God is one, say the *Brahmans*, creator of all that is; God is like a perfect sphere, *without beginning or end.* (Holwell's Hist. Event. p. 2 & 25) *Cneph* (in Irish *Cnaimh, Cnaw,* i. e. the great winged one) says Plutarch, speaking of the Egyptians, was all good, *without beginning or end.* The Phenicians held the same ideas. *Sanchoniatho* informs us, *Zus hu Asphira acranitha meni arits chuia* Jupiter, is a feigned sphere, from it is produced a serpent: *Asphira hu chial d' Alha dilh la strura ula shulma.* The sphere shows the divine nature to be without beginning and without end.

Hence one of the Druidical epithets of the supreme Deity was *Timor*, or the great circle. *(Ti-mor*, God....(Shaw's Irish Dic.) Ti is a circle; Ex. gr. *haoi Ti glas fair isin ionad in ro iadh an narr ime ire....* A green circle marked the part of his body on which the serpent turned himself.

The ancients represented the Deity, not only by a circle, but by volutes of circles. Quintus Curtius tells us, that the temple of *Jupiter Ammon* had a rude stone, whereon was drawn *a spiral line*, the emblem of the Deity.

Such we find on the stones of the *Mithratic* cave of New Grange, described in my Vindication of the Antient History of Ireland. A copy of the spirals and circles found there is here presented to the public. The characters will read MIDHR, i. e. Mithras, the Mithr of the Irish Druids, and the מיטרא (Mithrach) of the Chaldees; of which hereafter.




The figures, I think, plainly show they are astronomical. The seven circles, one within another, are repeated on many stones: they may be the seven planets, or the seven *bohuns* or spheres of punishment of the Hindoos, as described in Hathed's preface to the Gentoo laws; or the seven spheres, *Oin* describes to have seen the gates of in the cave of Lough Derg. (Collectanea V.) The three spirals of seven volutes each, emanating from one line, may represent *fire, light*, and *spirit*, which, with the antient Pagans, were typical of the Supreme Being and his attributes, which has led Mr. Maurice to believe, they had some dark, ill-understood notions of a real Trinity. The twelve triangles may have represented the signs of the zodiac, above which are the sun and moon, as I conjecture. The four small circles may have represented the four elements. The square in the centre may have represented *Tait*, or Mercury, as we find a perfect cube on some of the Druidical monuments; a cubic, Dr. Borlase remarks, was the symbol of Mercury, who, as the messenger of the gods was esteemed the symbol or emblem of *truth*, always like itself, as it is with a cube. (Antiq. of Cornwall, p. 82.) Pausanias tells us, that the inhabitants of Achaia, round the statue of their principal divinity, Mercury, erected, in the forum of that city, thirty cubes of polished marble in honour of that deity, whose symbol

was a cube. (in Achaicis, l. vii. c. 52.)

Be this as it may, it is certain the Hibernian Druids never had any image of the Supreme Being. Like that peculiar race of *Brachmans* among the *Malabars* described by La Croize, who boast of a divine descent, they lay aside all idolatrous worship, and give themselves up entirely to the most rigorous mortification; affect enthusiastic extacy and quietism, and hope to resemble the divine nature by putting off all animal passion. They have some practical knowledge of astronomy, which they appear to have derived from the Egyptians, as they call the zodiac by the ancient Egyptian names.

They were the disciples of *Budda*, well known to the Irish Druids; they contend, that the *essence of essences*, or Supreme Being, wants figure, and cannot be comprehended; that it fills all things; possesses the highest wisdom, truth, knowledge and purity; is infinitely good and merciful: creates and supports all things, and cannot be represented by any *image*. That there are subordinate Gods, and the souls of brutes and men have the same origin, and being confined in one body for a time, pass into another.

This was the doctrine of the Irish Druids, differing in almost every particular from the Druids of the Continent, as will appear in many instances. No images were permitted in the worship of the ancient Persians, another colony of the Indo-Scythæ.

Whether the Hibernian Druids entered into the deep trigonometrical knowledge of the Hindoos, we have not sufficient fragments to ascertain. Were we to judge by the few technical terms still retained in the Glossaries, we might decide in the affirmative. Some are Chaldee, as *Dora* a right line; Chal, *dara; Dur*, a sphere, a cycle; Chal, *dour. Tarbeirt*, a rhomboid, from what language I know not. *Soith* a cycle Chal. *Shotha* from *Shoth* to go round. Whence the circular dance of the Druids was named, *Soith-leag;* Chal. *leg*, to bound up. Soithis a complete and perfect cycle, which approaches to the Sanscrit *Joyotish*, a name of the Surya Siddhanta, or saster of Astronomy. *Cramogha*, a sine, is not very different from the sanscrit *cramajya*, a sine. *Gha*, a chord, approaches in sound the sanscrit *jya;* until we are supplied with a sanscrit dictionary, these etymologies must rest on bare conjecture.

I shall conclude this chapter in the words of Sir William Jones;.... "I hope to satisfy the public, as I have satisfied myself, that the practice of observing the stars began with the rudiments of civil society, in the country of those we call *Chaldeans*, from whence it was propagated into Egypt, India, Greece, Italy and Scandanavia, before the reign of Sisac or Sacya, who by conquest spread a new system of religion and philosophy from the Nile to the Ganges, about a thousand years before Christ; but that Chiron and Atlas were allegorical or Mythological personages, and ought to have no place in the serious history of our species.

"The Irish history declares an alliance with these Chaldeans of Dedan; and from their title *Tuatha-Dedan*, Chal. *Tatha*, which Symmachos explains by *Thuai*, i.e. *Haruspices*, or soothsayers, there cannot be a doubt, in my opinion, that the Hibernian Druids were of that race: New proofs will rise in every page of this essay.

END OF CHAP. I.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

## *View of the antient State and Settlement of the English in the Baronies of Bargie and Forth, in the County of Wexford.*

WHATEVER credit may be due to the accounts of antiquarians, respecting the civilization, wise institutions, and happy state of the Irish nation in more remote periods, it is certain that on the invasion of the English in the reign of king Henry the second, towards the latter end of the twelfth century, the people were as barbarous as any of the uncivilized nations of Europe at that period. It therefore could not be supposed that agriculture had

made any considerable progress: the inhabitants subsisting chiefly on flesh, of which it appears they had abundance from the numerous herds of cattle, with which Ireland then abounded.

In the time of the Romans we are informed, that the eastern district of the county of Wexford, extending from the river Oboca, or Ovoca, which is still near the northern boundary of this county, was inhabited by a tribe called the *Menapii*, who had for their chief city Menapia, being placed to the eastward of the Modora, Slanus or Slane.

The western part of the district of Wexford was possessed by the Brigantes, who also owned all Waterford, and gave the name of Bergie to their part of Wexford, which to this day gives the name to the barony of Bergie, or Bargie.

The chief city of Menapia has been confounded with Waterford; some have also asserted, that it was situated where Wexford is now placed. From the inspection of a very antient copy of the map of Ptolemy, the geographer, who flourished about the year of Christ 140, there remains little doubt that the ancient Menapia was situated where Fernes now stands, and that it was also the chief city of king Dermod on the landing of the English. Wexford was then inhabited by the Danes, or Ostmen, to which king Dermod laid siege with the aid of Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, and about three hundred and ninety men they had brought with them to his assistance. The town, on surrendering, was granted to Fitzstephen, and Carrig, with the lands adjoining, to Fitzgerald. To Hervey de Mountmorres, a relation of Earl Strongbow, he gave the two cantreds or hundreds lying between Wexford and Waterford, which are now denominated the baronies of Forth and Bargie. There seems at this period to have been very few people in this district, and indeed, by every account, the greatest part of Ireland was inhabited at this time by tribes of people very little farther advanced, than the inhabitants of North America on the first invasions of the Europeans. To this thin population, as well as to the division of the island into numerous small tribes, is to be ascribed the facility with which the English established themselves, with scarcely any army, or scarcely a battle, after the few encounters on their first arrival, so that in a few years they had wholly subdued the natives, not only in the county of Wexford, but in various parts of the four provinces. It was, however, in the two cantreds or hundreds, granted as above-mentioned to Hervey de Mountmorres, that a colony of Anglo-Saxons who had been for some time settled on the sea coast of South Wales, was planted, since called the baronies of Forth and Bargie, and known in the country by the name of the English Baronies, not only from the first English colony having been there first planted, but from their descendants remaining to this day much more unmixed with the original inhabitants, than any other in this district.

This part of the county of Wexford was well calculated for an infant colony. These baronies are surrounded on the east and south by the ocean, and on the west are separated from the rest of the county by an arm of the sea, called the Scare of Bannow; on the north they are bounded by a ridge of mountains, called the mountain of Fort or Forta, signifying strong or strength, and from this it would seem that the barony of Fort or Forth had its name. The inhabitants of this colony, about fifty years ago, spoke the Anglo-Saxon language in considerable purity, a vocabulary of which was collected by that assiduous and learned illustrator of Irish Antiquities, General Vallancey; the inhabitants still speak among one another, a dialect of the Saxon mixed with the English, and have no Irish whatever.

These baronies extend about ten Irish miles from east to west, along the sea shore, and stretch from thence to the mountain of Fort or Forth, to the breadth of eight miles. The whole extending from the mountain of Forth, consisting of low land, entirely alluvial, containing marle

mixed with shells. In some places the horns and bones of the moose deer have been found. There is here also limestone of marine origin, nor does the granite appear any where but at Concarne-point, which consists of compact granite.

The appearance of the baronies from the mountain of Forth is not unlike the appearance of the south of the county of Devon, from the mountains of north Dartmore, though on a much smaller scale. The whole is well inhabited. The farm-houses, generally, as in Devonshire, are built with mud and thatched, appearing warm and comfortable, with convenient out-houses adjoining; even the very small farmers of from five to ten acres, have their habitations comfortable and convenient. The inhabitants do not live entirely on potatoes, as in many other parts of Ireland. They have always oatmeal boiled with milk, for breakfast, and meat for their dinner twice a week, on Sundays and Thursdays, and very often on Tuesdays.

In these baronies the general complaint of indolence, idleness, and want of employment is never heard. The cultivation of the soil, in which the inhabitants are fully occupied, affords them all the means of subsistence and comfort, attended with a degree of prosperity, and even wealth unknown in other parts of Ireland. Such facts as these naturally arrest the attention of any persons desirous of real investigation, and strongly indicate what may be done in other parts of the island by what has actually taken place in one district.

While in many parts of Ireland, the haggard face of poverty too frequently wrings the feeling heart, we here behold nothing but cheerful cultivators, amongst whom want and misery are equally unknown, unless from the tales of mendicant wanderers, who bend their steps hither, to partake of the well-known hospitality that accompanies the plentiful though humble board of the inhabitants of the English baronies. Nor although the crouds of beggars which pour into this happy region during the summer months, from very remote parts of Ireland, would seem sufficient to overpower their hospitality and kindness, are they ever found to apply for relief in vain: while amid the natives of those baronies the true spirit of their English ancestors is kept up, and begging looked upon as an indelible disgrace. None, indeed, are found to stand in need of assistance but the old, blind and infirm, and sometimes young children becoming orphans. All these are readily and cheerfully maintained by their neighbours, without the necessity of recurring to parochial rates or assessments, which proves that this district is fully able to support its present population: and no apprehension of want need be entertained, even with a considerable increase of the number of its inhabitants.

The barony of Forth comprehends twenty-two parishes, including the town of Wexford, which is divided into four parishes within the walls, and three in the suburbs. That of Bargie contains thirteen parishes, and the population of both, from returns made in the year 1800, may be calculated as follows. The two baronies, exclusive of the town of Wexford, within the walls, contain 39,275 acres, and 13,090 houses, which, at six to a house, will give 18,540 inhabitants: if we add to this, the population of Wexford, amounting to 5,922 souls, it will give 24,462 inhabitants in the two baronies; of which 1740 families are wholly employed in the cultivation of the soil, in such a manner as not only to support themselves in great ease and comfort, but to produce a surplus, forming a very considerable addition to the wealth and revenue of the kingdom. This surplus produce is chiefly barley and wheat, the potatoes and oats being considered as the food of the inhabitants, although considerable quantities of both are sold in the town of Wexford, with great quantities of poultry, and abundance of pork, beef, mutton, and excellent veal; and there are also some dairies, where a considerable quantity of butter is made up for exportation, and some cheese; a con-

siderable fishery for oysters, lobster, turbot, and soles is carried on upon the coast. In the winter season also, the herrings make their appearance in considerable abundance: to which ought to be added immense flocks of widgeon, barnacle, teal, guiniard, ducks, geese, and wild swan, altogether forming an abundance not only of the necessaries, but of the luxuries of life, not to be surpassed in any districts of the British Islands.

The parishes on the sea-coast are divided into small holdings of five, six, ten, and sometimes twenty acres, on which is exhibited that wonderful industry and exertion, which never fails to take place in Ireland, where the inhabitants have any security by leases, for the enjoyment of the fruit of their labour, however small the extent of the field they have to cultivate.

On contemplating the appearance of such a state of society, who would not be led to wish that such were the state of the whole island, and not of this island only, but of many extensive districts both in the north and south of the sister island, as also to investigate the causes, and point out the probable remedies which prevent the same appearance from striking the eye of the traveller and attracting the attention of the philosopher. But we state facts and leave to others to draw conclusions. *Frazer's Survey of Wexford.*

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*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

A PERIODICAL work may be very useful in disseminating hints on interesting subjects, which may thus find their way into the hands of those to whom larger treatises are not familiar.

Fresh air essentially promotes health, and yet the free admission of it is not sufficiently attended to.... An Aeriphobia, or a dread of air, is a too common prejudice. If we look at the crouded drawing-rooms of the rich, which, however spacious, are frequently over-crouded, and to which fresh air is denied admittance, or to the close damp rooms of the poor, who, however exposed to the open air during a great part of the day, seem to consider windows that will open not necessary to their health, we may see the necessity of more care being taken to ventilate their rooms.

I was lately reading the life of Dr. Darwin, written by Anne Seward, and was much pleased with a speech, which in a moment of high excitement, he made to the inhabitants of Nottingham on a market-day, when suddenly mounting on an eminence, he thus addressed them:

"Ye men of Nottingham listen to me. You are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry life's comforts are procured for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. *That* you know; but you may *not* know, that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly, is not less necessary to preserve health, than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. Open those of your sleeping-rooms whenever you quit them to go to your work-shops. Keep the windows of your work-shops open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no *interest* in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman, and a physician tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and on your wives and litle ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times in a day, by opening your windows."

If the insertion of such useful hints are deemed to come within the plan of the Belfast Magazine, I shall probably communicate some from time to time and I hope others will follow the example. By the communication of useful detached hints, the fragments of the feasts of "bookish hours," perhaps real information may be more readily given, than in more pompous forms. A READER.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

LISBURN HUMANE SOCIETY.

IN former days, Societies were formed for mutual defence;

the arm of the Law not possessing strength sufficient to curb the violence of a people emerging from a state of barbarism, the weak were obliged to invent some means of supplying its deficiencies. By uniting in mutual confederacies they could baffle those attempts on their properties or lives, which they would have been unable singly to resist. The present is also an age of Societies, but instituted for different reasons. They are now formed not to remedy the weakness of the law, or to stand in its place where it ought to act; but to effect purposes to which it could not extend.

We have Societies for the promotion of knowledge, for the encouragement of virtue, for the suppression of vice; and it is no small recommendation of the Constitution under which we live, that it infuses the spirit of liberty, which is its vital principle, even into those voluntary associations with which it seems to have so little connection. On the Continent, Societies formed for such purposes, stand or fall at the will of the prince to whom they owe their existence. Here they rise from the unsupported exertions of private persons, on them they depend, and when noticed by the chief magistrate, they do not so much acquire as reflect honour by the patronage. A history of the public Societies in the British Empire, interesting in itself, would fully show this. But among all those shining instances of public spirit, none is more worthy of our admiration than the Humane Society. It does honour to human nature. When we see a number of men contributing their money, devoting their time, attention and labour, to what produces no peculiar profit to themselves, who sacrifice what is called good among men, for the sole pleasure of serving others, we cannot help admiring this triumph over the selfish propensities of nature. When we remark how many shrink from the bounden duty of relieving the sick, assisting the poor, and visiting the afflicted, with what feelings ought we to view those who deprive the grave of its victims, unmoved by the hideous spectacles which death in so many different shapes must so frequently present to their eyes. Their efforts however, have been amply rewarded. The eye, once closed in the shades of insensibility, opens again to express the dumb language of gratitude; the tongue just doomed to be for ever silent, again speaks forth their praises. They enjoy the blessings of the child, no longer an orphan, the wife unwidowed, the parent for a moment childless. The extent of their benefits bestowed by them on their country, is not to be confined to the good effects resulting from their own exertions. The spirit which animated them has gone forth; it infuses itself into other breasts; and its effects are clearly seen in the establishment of similar Societies in many other places. Ireland, too far behind her sister kingdom in the arts of peace, has at length followed the example; and the friends of humanity will hail the names of those individuals who have set the example in this part of the country, an example which it is devoutly to be wished, will soon spread itself to all the parts of this kingdom.

The coasts of this island, exposed on three sides to the violence of the great Atlantic, yearly supply a gloomy catalogue of shipwrecks; the extension of inland navigation encreases the chances of accidents by water; and the deadly consequences of intoxication are too frequently experienced in this country to be here expatiated on. All these must be diminished by the general adoption of this scheme, so warmly recommended by its promoters here. They have begun well; in so doing they have done much; it is sincerely to be wished they may be enabled to go still farther. Two objects are much wanted on our coasts.....one, the establishment of life-boats, by means of which many valuable lives may be saved to their country, at the time when the life of a sailor is most valuable. The other, the abolition of that inhuman practice too common upon our shores, of alluring vessels in distress, by means of false signals, to those parts of the coast where they must rush upon in-

evitable destruction, that their cargo may become a prey to their diabolical deluders. This would be effectually prevented by the establishment of humane Societies with lifeboats; because, wherever a wreck was apprehended, the members would be on the alert, and thus discover and defeat the infamous designs of these wretches. The Lisburn Society wish to give the greatest publicity to their instructions for resuscitating the victims of untimely death: and we think we cannot do a more essential service to the public, than by seconding their endeavours. For this purpose we give a copy of their directions for the treatment of drowned persons, or others dying suddenly. With this notice we take our leave of the subject at present, hoping in the first place that it may be long before they be called upon for a trial of the efficacy of these rules: and, in the next, that when summoned to perform that paintul duty, we may have it in our power to announce their complete success.

*GENERAL DIRECTIONS to be observed in the Recovery of Persons Drowned or affected by extreme Cold, noxious Vapours, or Intoxication.*

I. The most diligent search is to be made for the body, as a few minutes unnecessary delay may deprive the individual of a chance of recovery, and great care is to be taken not to do any injury to the body in taking it out of the water.

The body being discovered, it is to be cautiously conveyed with the head raised, on a door, or board, to the nearest convenient house; or in summer, to be exposed to the heat of the sun in a dry situation. The modes commonly practised of shaking the body violently, and carrying it over the shoulders, are highly prejudicial, and should be strictly avoided.

II. The body being well dried with a cloth, should be placed in a due degree of heat, but not too near a large fire: the windows or doors of the room should, however, be left open, and no more persons be admitted into it than those who are absolutely necessary, as the life of the patient greatly depends upon his being exposed to a pure air. The warmth which promises most success is that of a bed or blanket properly warmed. Bottles, or bladders of warm water, or hot bricks wrapt in cloths, should be laid at the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, in the joints of the knees, under the arm-pits, &c. the shirt or clothes of an attendant, the skin of a sheep fresh killed, or the natural and kindly warmth of a healthy person, lying by the side of a body, has been found, in many cases, very efficacious.

Should such accidents happen in the neighbourhood of a warm bath, brew-house, bakery, bleach-green, soap-boiler's, or any place where warm lees, ashes, grains, sand, water, &c. are easily procured, it would be of the utmost service to place the body in any of these, moderated to a degree of heat, but very little exceeding that of a healthy person, viz. 98 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.....The use of salt should be avoided.

III. The body is to be gently rubbed with flannel, and a heated warming-pan, or hot smoothing-iron, covered with flannel, gently moved over the back and spine.

IV. To restore breathing, introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into *one* nostril, the *other* nostril and the mouth being closed; *inflate the lungs*, till the breast be a little raised; the mouth and nostrils must then be let free; repeat the process till *life* appears. But as the proper inflation of the lungs, requires a knowledge of anatomy, this part may be deferred until medical assistance can be procured, provided it may be speedily expected. Electricity is recommended, but only under the direction of a medical assistant.

V. Tobacco smoke is to be thrown gently into the fundament, with a proper instrument, or the bowl of a pipe, covered, so as to defend the mouth of the assistant. Or an injection of warm water may be used, to the quantity of three or four pints, half an ounce of common salt being dissolved in each pint, with the addition of a little whiskey.

*In Cases of intense Cold.*

Rub the body with *snow*, *ice*, or

*cold water.* Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees, and after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of drowned persons.

*Suffocation by noxious Vapours, or Lightning.*

Cold water to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals. If the body feels cold, employ *gradual warmth*, and the plans for the drowned.

*Intoxication.*

The body is to be laid upon a bed, with the head a little raised, the neckcloth, &c. removed. Obtain immediate medical assistance, as the modes of treatment must be varied according to the state of the patient.

The plans above recommended are to be used for THREE OR FOUR HOURS. It is an error to suppose that persons are irrecoverable, because life does not soon make its appearance.

*On Signs of returning Life.*

A tea-spoonful of warm water may be given, and if the power of swallowing be restored, warm wine, or whiskey mixed with water.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

## ON THE CULTURE OF POTATOES.

IF it be true that Great Britain has expended upwards of ten millions in one year, for the purchase of provisions, it is equally so, that almost the whole might be saved to the nation, by extending the cultivation of potatoes, so as to make it a general substitute for fallow. In Ireland, one third of the land occupied by tillage is unprofitable to the farmer, who has an immensity of labour, and two years' rent to charge to his wheat-crop: and at present not one hundredth part of the fallows of Ireland is occupied by a potatoe crop. I have been for many years in the habit of cultivating potatoes in three feet drills, with the plough: the difficulty of procuring seed in the year 1800, induced me to adopt the following method: I began at November to have a thin slice taken off each potatoe, at the end where the eyes are in a cluster, as they were washed and used in my family, taking care to cut the bottom of the eye; each slice produced four or five eyes, which were subdivided, dried and put into casks with oaten chaff, from a mill, for use. In March following, they resembled small pieces of buff leather: I planted some acres of them, and can assert, that not one failed, and their produce came in a fortnight sooner than those planted in the usual way.

It is to be observed that by the mode, which many farmers about me adopted with success, the sets are taken from good potatoes; no abuse is given the potatoes, as is the case with the scoop: no more of them are used than would be rejected at the table, and the scheme is more likely to be adopted in times of scarcity, than the use of the shoots, for carrying a second or third crop, by transplanting. These slices, being in a small compass, will be easily lodged and handled in the nursery. The most prolific sets are obtained from the cluster end: the sets from the best kinds may be removed in large quantities, with little trouble, even from one kingdom to another. Having remarked, when potatoes have been second planted in the lazy-bed mode, that some whole potatoes which escaped in the digging out, and in the turning of the ridges (by which they fell into the bottom of the first trench, and had a covering of eighteen inches of earth) have always remained in a growing state long after the rest of the potatoe stalks in the ridge are withered, and that they produce much larger and finer potatoes, it determined me to give the planting of whole potatoes a fair trial. Having marked out a piece of land for that purpose, I caused a hole to be dug in the centre of each square yard, eight inches deep, in which I placed a whole potatoe of the least prolific kind (the red-nosed kidney:) the hole was then filled four inches with dung, and the earth returned; each potatoe produced four or five strong shoots; as they appeared and advanced in growth, I thrice dug the intervals, and as often earthed up the stalks, until there was an elevation of two feet of earth.

In the beginning of September I had several of the banks dug; they produced at an average seven pounds each. A gentleman who was present at the digging of some of them remarked, that the upper potatoes were green, and partly above ground, and that more earth should have been given, which clearly shows the advantage of frequent landing. In digging one of the banks, some of the clay was cast over a stalk belonging to an adjacent bank, and four of the joints were covered; on the 14th of September I dug the bank to which such stalk was attached, and in the short space of fourteen days a potatoe had been formed at each point, as large as a walnut. The produce of a plantation acre, at the above rate of seven pounds, will amount to the enormous quantity of one hundred and ninety-six barrels, which is more than double the produce of the richest ground, cultivated in the lazy-bed mode. Cottagers should adopt it: it would enable them, their wives and children to cultivate the whole of their gardens with good effect, with a small quantity of dung and seed. I have marked out twenty plantation acres for bank potatoes, to be cultivated principally with the plough: I form the land into ridges three feet apart: plough the furrows a second time to gain depth: lay out dung in small heaps, at the rate of forty-one horse carts to each acre: give the furrows another ploughing to gain greater depth: two women with two lines to cross twenty of the drills, and a three foot rod at either end, is the best way of laying the potatoes distinctly in the bottom of each drill, immediately under where the line crosses. When the two lines are laid out, one woman from either end will go along one line, and lay ten potatoes and return along the other line, doing the same, the other woman doing the like at the other end; they will then be both at either end of the lines ready to remove each, and so on until the whole of the laying is finished: each potatoe is to be covered with a small portion of dung. The ridges are then to be reversed with the plough; this covers the potatoe with sixteen inches of clay and dung, and in that form the field is to be left, until the potatoes begin to push their shoots, when the whole is to be harrowed across, rolled and well pulverised. When the shoots appear, if the distance has been carefully preserved, each cluster of shoots will stand in the centre of every square yard; the earth is then to be stirred by a furrow-cutting plough lengthways, and across, and when prepared, put up both ways to the plants with a double-boarded plough; the furrow-cutter is again to be introduced, for the purpose of preparing clay to land the stalks, which is to be with eighteen-inch hoes and shovels, until no more loose earth can be acquired; the field will then appear a number of small conical hills, covered with potatoe tops and blossoms.

When the potatoes are fit for digging, reap the stalks, and put them in a heap, covering them with quick lime and earth; with a strong plough pare the earth from the four sides of the bank, and smooth the earth with a small harrow. Two men working together with three-pronged forks or spades will, at one effort, heave out the remaining clay and potatoes, which are to be shaken out to the pickers by boys with light forks.

It would but unnecessarily take up the intelligent reader's time, to go into a full explanation of the excellent fallowing given the land by the foregoing process, which exposes double the surface to the influence of the atmosphere: but as it may appear, at first view, complex or expensive, I shall set down the cost of an acre treated as above, not taking ploughing or harrowing into account, (as they should be given the fallow without a crop) and also the expence of an acre calculated in the lazy-bed way.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Produce of one acre calculating three pounds and a half to each bank, amounts to ninety-eight barrels, at five shillings a barrel | | | 24 | 10 0 |
| Four women laying potatoes . . | 0 | 2 | 2 | |
| Three men shovelling & landing | 0 | 3 | 3 | |
| Ditto, second do. . . . . | 0 | 3 | 3 | |
| Ditto, third do. . . . . | 0 | 3 | 3 | |
| Four men taking out the crop . | 0 | 4 | 4 | |
| Four boys shaking out . . . . . | 0 | 2 | 2 | |
| Four women gathering . . . . | 0 | 2 | 2 | |
| Twenty stone seed potatoes, at 3d. per stone | 0 | 5 | 0 | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Forty loads dung, at 1s. 1d. per cart | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| | 3 | 8 | 11 |
| | 21 | 1 | 1 |
| Multiplied by eight | | | 8 |
| Clear profit on eight acres | 168 | 8 | 8 |
| Supposing the farmer to have one hundred barrels with the spade, the produce would be | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| 320 loads of dung, at 1s. 1d. per. | 17 | 6 | 8 |
| Seed, eight barrels, (twelve more are commonly used) at 5s. per barrel | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Laying seed and planting | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| Weeding and digging out | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| | 23 | 13 | 4 |
| Profit on the beds | 1 | 6 | 8 |
| Loss on eight acres by cultivating in beds | 157 | 15 | 4 |

Here we have eight acres highly dressed for a subsequent crop, with the same quantity of seed and dung used with the same one acre of beds, at the immense profit of *l.*168 8 8; in other words, the cultivation of potatoes in banks raises food for the family, for horses, cows, sheep, pigs, poultry, &c. at little more than eightpence a barrel, whilst the slothful farmer, who uses the spade, is at an expence of four shillings and ninepence. In the year 1801, I cultivated potatoes in the lazy-bed way, in two feet drills, with the spade, the intervals dug and landed twice, and in three feet drills with the plough, which succeeded double as well as the other modes. I am aware, that many gentlemen have, through curiosity, earthed up single potatoes in their gardens, but they have not as yet been made a system of field-culture: the introduction of turnips and cabbages into Great Britain has been one of its greatest agricultural improvements.

The following statement will serve to show the great success of the bank potatoe system, as practised by several persons.

| | Bar. |
|---|---|
| The red nosed Kidneys produced per acre | 152 |
| English Reds | 350 |
| Red Bottoms (a new species of Apples) | 350 |
| L. Mansergh, esq. Athy (Apples) | 120 |
| Mr. Ryder, Bray, (Apples) | 115 |

Both these neglected to be landed.

C. P. Doyne, esq. Queen's county, had from thirty-seven potatoes, occupying a square perch, at four and a half feet apart, fifty stone of potatoes, or per acre, 400 barrels.

A labourer cultivated half-a-rood, of which he took much care in landing; he had upwards of a stone from each of his banks (English Reds) that is per acre, 400 barrels.

In order to simplify the planting of whole potatoes in banks, I ploughed five acres into six feet beds, to which, after harrowing, I gave a second ploughing, gathering up the centre of the beds, which raised them and deepened the furrows; I then laid whole potatoes in the centre of each furrow, at eighteen inches apart, and covered them with dung, (this takes exactly the same quantity of seed and dung as the other way) then with two ploughings and harrowings reversed the beds, which raised a great height of earth over the potatoes, and secured the young plantation from frost at all seasons. When the potatoes begin to shoot, cross-harrow the beds until they are nearly reduced to a level; if a roller is necessary let it not be neglected. When the plants appear, plough the earth from them, work the intervals well with plough and harrow, gather up all the prepared earth with the plough and hoe, as high as possible to the tsalks: all the earth of the six feet beds will be then employed in assisting the growth of the potatoe, and a great depth will be gained in the intervals. When the crop is fit for taking up, cut off the stalks, and cast them in a heap to rot: with a strong harrow cross the drills or banks, until the great body of the potatoes appears: plough the earth from each bank to within a few inches of the centre: harrow and lay smooth the intermediate beds, carefully gathering up all potatoes that have appeared; (if a crop of wheat be intended, now is the time to sow it:) heave out with two men, one on each side, the entire bank; the shaking out of the potatoes will divide the earth and cover the seed wheat; give a light harrowing; two men to each acre will clear the remaining earth and dung out of the original furrows, and spread them over the beds when required. This work should be performed only when the ground is dry: the treading will do no injury; the crop, stalks, &c. are to be removed behind the fork-

men as they move, and the seed to be sown only as wanting to be covered in.

From the success of the last mode of culture, I recommend it in all situations, where the land has been much neglected, is over-run with couch-grass and weeds, and is much impoverished: for this land, the repeated ploughings and harrowings, the gaining a greater depth, and the mixing the under soil with the upper, which has been much exhausted, must conduce much to clean and to bring any land into heart; if with the wheat crop red clover be sown the ensuing April, covered in by second shovelling, and thereby top-dressing the wheat, to feed off such clover with ewes and lambs will complete the recruiting of it.

In both modes, much of the aërial potatoes, noticed by Darwin have appeared above my highest landing; I remarked, where a stalk was cracked by the wind or any accident, and that it was afterwards covered with clay, a great number of good potatoes were produced.

Potatoe-stalks, as at present treated, become useless: if they are cut, when on the turn from green, put in a heap (with or without quick lime) and covered with earth, they will produce as much dung for a subsequent crop, as was used to produce them in the bank mode.

*Rawson's Survey of Kildare.*

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

## COSRO THE PERSIAN.....AN EASTERN TALE.

THE shades of the night had just begun to retire, and the first dawning of morning gleamed in the east, when Cosro retired from the company of his friends, with whom he had passed the preceding evening. Satisfied, but not cloyed with pleasure, he wished to enjoy those sensations which arise in the mind from the reflections of past gratifications. In this frame of mind he wandered through the fields, regardless whither he went and totally absorbed in his own pleasing meditations.

On every side the birds were heard pouring forth the first effusions of their throats, to salute the approaching day. The opening flowers diffused their perfumes, which were borne through the valleys by the silent gale; the dews of night rolled from the hills, and the beauties of the creation displayed themselves successively, as if arising in slow and gradual succession from beneath its shadowy mantle. The heart of Cosro expanded within him. His thoughts were involved in a confused maze of varied pleasures. At intervals the strains of harmony, interrupted by bursts of joy from the pavilions he had just quitted, were borne, mellowed by distance, along the wind. His soul caught the transport...."Surely," says he, "man is born for pleasure. The days I have passed recal none but joyful recollections, and the feelings, now swelling in my breast, hold forth a new and ever-growing prospect of enjoyments in continual succession. Nature lays all her treasures at my feet, and spreads a feast for my gratification. None but fools would refuse to taste it." Wrapt in such meditations, he wandered silently along, regardless whither the path conducted him, till a sudden turn brought him to a projecting rock, at the foot of which was the mouth of a large cavern. Curiosity prompted him to enter. After advancing a few paces he was struck with the sight of a venerable old man, who seemed so intent on a book which lay before him, that he paid no attention to the entrance of the stranger. Cosro stood some time in mute veneration, at length breaking silence, he thus addressed him. "Reverend father, why pass the little time still allotted thee in solitude and study, and not rather partake of the blessings which nature permits you to enjoy?" The old man made no answer: but, having fixed his eyes stedfastly for a few moments on the youth, he rolled up the volume he was reading, and rising, retired into the cell, beckoning to the other to follow: Cosro obeyed the signal. After having penetrated so far that the glimmering of light, which proceeded from the entrance was almost dissipated, his guide stopped, and turning to Cosro...."Mark," says he, "what

thou now seest, look, but speak not." Cosro lifted up his eyes and beheld a mighty ocean, to which his sight could set no bounds. Its waves were agitated as if after a violent tempest. On looking more attentively he perceived in the middle a rock, in form of an island; its shore was strewed with oars, broken masts, cordage, planks, and other remains of a vessel that had been shattered by the fury of the winds. He also perceived two men whose appearance showed that they had just escaped from shipwreck. These, though united in misfortune, were very differently occupied. After dividing between them the provisions which had been thrown on shore, one of them was busily employed in collecting the fragments of the wreck, and constructing a raft, while the other appeared totally occupied in enjoying what chance had thrown in his way, and seemed to have no further thought, than the indulgence of his appetites. Often did the other go to him, and by his signs endeavour to prevail upon him to join in his task; at one time directing his view to the shore, on which the rising tide was every moment making fresh encroachments, and at another, pointing with the most emphatic gestures to a distant part of the horizon.

The eyes of Cosro were naturally turned hither, and upon looking stedfastly at that part of the scene, he could discern something, but whether it was land or a cloud resting on the sea, the greatness of the distance prevented him from discovering. At length the raft was completed, and the maker of it, having put on board the little stock of necessaries which had fallen to his share, boldly ventured out and steered his course towards that quarter which had attracted his attention. But before his departure he returned once more to his companion and by the most significant gestures, seemed to endeavour to persuade him to join with him in this experiment. But it was now too late; bloated with excess and stupified with intoxication, he was nearly lost to a sense of his situation. By degrees the waves rose higher and higher. At length roused by the nearer approach of danger, he looked around him, but in vain. As the waters advanced he retreated, wringing his hands in all the agonies of despair, and at length hung clinging to the summit of the rock, expecting every moment the approach of that wave which was to cover him for ever, and gazing with fixed and haggard eyes, on his friend who was now at a distance, steering his course in safety through the ocean.

Cosro could no longer restrain himself. And while his eyes were still fixed on the wondrous scene before him. "Thanks, venerable sage," he exclaimed, "for this, thy lesson; but say will that provident mariner reach the country to which he now directs his course, or are his senses mocked by a vain delusion?" He paused for an answer, and on receiving none, turned round to repeat his question, but the old man was gone; and on recurring to the scene he had just now quitted, it had vanished, and he found himself again standing at the entrance of the cave. He remained a few moments wrapt in speechless meditation: then turning to the sun, which now began to beam in full splendor above the horizon, poured forth his tribute of thankful gratitude to that Being who had deigned to illuminate his soul, and thoughtfully bent his steps homewards, fully convinced that the only business of man in this life is to prepare for another.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

## ON COMBUSTION.

COMBUSTION signifies a burning, or in other words, the decomposition of certain substances called combustibles, accompanied with light and heat. The process of combustion, like various other operations of nature, although subject to our daily examination, yet very few are able to give a rational explanation of it.

The various phenomena it exhibits, its astonishing effects, its infinite uses, and its devastations, have rendered it in all ages a principal object of human attention. The whole extent of civil economy, as well as of almost

all the articles of necessity and of luxury, most of the arts of more essential service to mankind, such as the manufacturing of metals, of glass, pharmacy, &c. depend almost entirely on combustion. By means of it the inclemencies of the seasons, and the dismal darkness of night are in a great measure removed. The most active instruments of destruction, the greatest scenes of wonder, admiration, and terror, such as the conflagration of towns, the discharge of artillery, the eruptions of volcanoes, are those in which combustion is the sole actor.

Whilst the wants and economy of mankind, have at all times called forth their industry in devising easy methods of lighting and warming their apartments, of preparing their victuals, &c. the calm contemplations of the philosopher have endeavoured to investigate the cause or causes of this wonderful phenomenon. It is natural to suppose that their first ideas must have been extremely incoherent and fanciful; since the present theory, which rests upon the foundation of innumerable experiments and strict reasoning, is vastly different from any sort of hypothesis, that even the wisest philosopher would have been led to form without the light of those experiments.

The first plausible theory was formed by STAHL, an eminent writer. The striking difference between bodies combustible and incombustible, induced him to suppose that the combustibles were endowed with a peculiar principle of inflammability, which the incombustibles had not, and to this supposed principle he gave the name of *phlogiston*. According to this supposition, when combustibles were heated to a certain degree, they began to part with their phlogiston, and continued to burn as long as they had phlogiston to lose; after which, they remained in a state of incombustibility; hence in the former state, those bodies were said to be phlogisticated, and in the latter they were said to be dephlogisticated.

With certain bodies, the combustion was attended with a separation of other components, so that afterwards they could not be brought back to their former state by the mere addition of phlogiston; but with other bodies, as for instance, the metals, the processes of dephlogistication and phlogistication might be repeated without end. This plausible theory was no sooner made known, than it was eagerly adopted by philosophers, so that for a long period it remained the most prevailing theory of combustion. But though the theory was universally adopted, the existence of the principle upon which it was established, could not be proved. There was no exhibiting the phlogiston by itself; and it was merely a supposition that a body acquired or lost its inflammability, according as it was combined with, or deprived of, its phlogiston. A supposition which, on a closer examination of facts, was found inadequate to the explanation of the concomitant phenomena. For instance, when a piece of zinc (and such was also the case with other combustibles, as far as they might be subjected to experiments) of a determinate weight; was burnt and reduced to a calx, the weight of the calx was found to exceed the original weight of the zinc. It was, therefore, evident, that it had acquired something ponderous, and this was utterly repugnant to the phlogistic theory, for by the loss of phlogiston it ought rather to have lost part of its original weight. In answer to this, a strange idea was suggested, namely, that the phlogiston was a principle of lightness; so that bodies became lighter by the addition of phlogiston, and *vice versa*. But this supposition, so singular and so repugnant to the general laws of gravitation, was soon abandoned by philosophers, when a variety of decisive experiments, the concurrence of recent discoveries in other branches of philosophy, and a strict mode of reasoning, introduced a new theory, which is both supported by accurate experiments, and sufficient to account for the phenomena. One of the principal labourers in the investigation, and full establishment of this new and rational theory, was the ingenious, but unfortunate Lavoisier,

to whose genius and persevering industry, the scientific world must ever think itself indebted.

In order to render this ingenious theory more easily understood by our readers, we shall lay before them the following experiments. Take a glass vessel of a cylindrical form, having a stoppel capable of excluding the entrance or exit of any air, and let the outside of this vessel be graduated, so as to divide its capacity into pretty small portions. Put into this vessel, full of common air, a piece of dry phosphorus of a determinate weight; close the vessel tight, and heat gradually that part of it in which the piece of phosphorus stands by means of the flame of a candle. As soon as the phosphorus has been heated to a certain degree, it takes fire of it elf, burning with a flame and thick white smoke; but it soon ceases to burn. Suffer the vessel to cool, and the smoke will fall in the form of flakes, if the vessel and the air contained in it were qu'te dry, otherwise the flakes will melt in the moisture. If, in this experiment, the vessel be weighed before, and after combustion, it will be found precisely of the same weight.

When the vessel is cooled to the actual temperature of the atmosphere, plunge the aperture of it under water, and in that situation remove the stoppel: you will find that the water rises in it, which shows that a portion of the air has been destroyed or absorbed; in short it has disappeared. By measuring the height of the water risen within the vessel, which is indicated by the graduation on the outside; in general, it will be found that one quarter of the original quantity has disappeared, and the remaining air will be found unfit for the combustion of phosphorus, or of any other combustible; and likewise unfit for the respiration of animals, so that if a bird, a mouse, or any other animal be confined in it, death will soon ensue. If the water which has rushed into the vessel be examined, it will be found to have contracted a sour taste indicating that an acid has been generated.

This is the acid of phosphorus; and if the vessel be opened in quick-silver, instead of water, the flakes, which in the preceding experiment were dissolved in the water, will now be found in the form of flakes on the surface of the quick-silver, and if carefully gathered and weighed, will be found together with the remaining phosphorus (if any part remains unburnt) equal to the weight of the original quantity of phosphorus, together with the weight of the ore that has disappeared. Hence it is evident that the whole process of combustion consists in a decomposition of part of the atmospherical air. This part of it is about a quarter of the whole, and its base is absorbed by the combustible body, and generally communicates to it acid properties, in consequence of which it has been called *oxygen gas;* from the Greek, meaning the acidificing principle. Therefore, in combustion, the decomposition of the oxygen gas is affected by the burning body, when this body has been heated to a certain degree, which degree varies with the nature of the body; whilst the base of oxygen gas is absorbed and fixed by the burning body, which has thereby increased its weight, and changed its nature; the *caloric* being disengaged, passes off in the state of sensible heat, and sometimes with such a portion of light as gives the appearance of red or white heat.

Acids in general are formed from the absorption of oxygen during combustion. When the combustion is accompanied with red heat, but not with flame, it is called *ignition.* But ignition may also be applied to incombustible substances, for these may be rendered red or white hot, without suffering any decomposition. When a vapour arising from the heated body burns over it, it is then called *inflammation,* and when the inflammation is rapid and attended with noise, it is called *detanation.* Having now compendiously stated the new theory of combustion, it will, perhaps, be necessary to add a few remarks respecting several parts of it, which could not be intermixed with the theory without rendering it confused.

In the first place, since the process of combustion consists in the decomposition of oxygen gas, the generalizing spirit of modern philosophy includes every process in which oxygen gas is decomposed, under the name of combustion; thus, animal respiration, in which this gas is decomposed, its base absorbed, and heat evolved, may be reckoned amongst the processes of slow combustion. The gradual absorption of oxygen by metallic bodies may also be reckoned amongst those processes, and innumerable others, which will easily occur to the mind of every reader accustomed to reflect on the various operations of nature. Since combustion consists in a decomposition of oxygen gas, it follows that without oxygen no combustion can take place.

The oxygen, however, may be contained in other substances, in consequence of which those substances become capable of assisting combustion. Now there are seven of those substances, which from their containing oxygen, are called supporters of combustion; and these are oxygen gas, atmospheric air, nitrous oxyd, nitric oxyd, nitric acid, oxyginized muriatic acid, and hyperoxyginized acid, (the nature of which substances we shall endeavour to explain in a future number, under the general term Gas.) From what has been said, it follows, that with a given combustible, the quickness of the decomposition is in proportion to the supply of oxygen, which shows the reason why a fire is increased by blowing common air upon it, and much more by blowing upon it oxygen gas. But *cæteris paribus* with different combustibles; the fire is strongest when the combustible body has the strongest attraction for oxygen. The flame of hydrogen gas urged by oxygen gas is reckoned to produce the most intense heat.

With certain combustible bodies, a peculiar process takes place. It is a remarkably slow process of spontaneous combustion. The body, by attracting oxygen from the atmosphere, becomes thereby gently heated, in consequence of which it is capable of uniting with oxygen; a greater decomposition of the latter ensues, more heat is evolved, and thus the process is gradually accelerated until flame and visible combustion takes place. Such is sometimes the case with hay and many other substances. The well known mixture of iron filings and sulphur moistened with a little water is an instance of this sort; for if this mixture be buried a little below the surface of the earth, it will of itself, after the lapse of several hours, burst forth into a state of ignition. This experiment has been generally called the artificial volcano.

Though heat is derived, in combustion, from the oxygen gas, the derivation of light is not so evident. It has been for a long time supposed that this element is also one of the components of oxygen gas; but the observations made respecting the light yielded by several bodies when they are slightly heated, or even spontaneously, and that some of them yield much more light than others, seem to prove that light forms a component principle of most bodies, and that it is evolved from the combustible. It is likely, however, that part of it at least may be derived from oxygen gas. G.

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*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

PRESUMING it may come within the scope of the intended plan of your Magazine to disseminate knowledge of the arts and manufactures, and to encourage inquiries concerning them, and thus draw out information which may be extensively useful, I request to be informed by some one, who may possess the competent knowledge, if any marking-ink has been discovered for linens or calicoes, which will stand the operation of the oxy-muriatic acid, in the new process of bleaching; as the common marking-ink hitherto in use, composed of lunar caustic, (nitrat of silver) dissolved in water, is found not to bear the operation of the new mode, unless the mark be covered with lard, soap, or some oily matter, during the immersion of the piece in the steep, which mode is found very

troublesome in practice. I have heard that such a marking-ink as I am inquiring after is in use in Scotland, and to persons acquainted with the modes of bleaching practised in that country, I particularly direct my inquiry.

A LINENDRAPER.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

I WILL be much obliged to any of your readers who are conversant with either human or veterinary pathology, if they will inform me, through the medium of your Magazine, if the horse be subject to the disease termed *Aneurism*, independent of external injury, and if so, in what parts of the animal it has been most commonly perceived, and what has been the most successful method of treatment.

Q.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

I WISH to be informed by some of your chemical correspondents, why it is that the sun's light has the effect of extinguishing the fires in our chambers. Does the union of the solar light with the air, indispose it to part with its *oxygen*, and why?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C. D.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

### LIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, BY D. B. WARDEN, SECRETARY TO THE AMERICAN LEGATION, PARIS.

*Finis vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus, patriæ tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine cura fuit.* TACIT. IN AGRIC.

IN delineating the human character, it has been lamented that a warm imagination disregards reality, transforms men into angels, clothed with infallibility and adorned with every virtue.

Human life is seldom represented in its true colours. The greatest characters are not without failings, which are rarely perceived in the picture of the poet, or in the production of the warm panegyrist: vices are shaded by delicate touches of the pencil, while the lustre of certain discriminative traits of character, or the admiration excited by honourable friendship, carefully conceals every forbidding feature. This art is not required in exhibiting the character of the illustrious Washington. Here nature stands forth in her noblest attitude. The eye, filled with admiration, surveys beauties of superior excellence. Each virtue demands its share. Much can the fulness of the heart suggest, but the pen falls from the hand, afraid to injure the original by an imperfect sketch. Justice demands the pencil of a master. What utterance....What colouring of expression can satisfy a sympathy so keen and so powerful as that which the death of this illustrious personage has created?

The benefactor of mankind, the deliverer of his country, the first of patriots, equally beloved in private, as in public life...Excellence in different shapes crowds into the mind, and delicacy cannot be injured by the fondest oblations of a patriot heart.

Aware of the danger of offending by common-place sentiment, and sensible of the difficulty arising from an attempt at a strongly marked likeness, we shall only aim at a plain statement of facts, which, though fresh in the memory of all, will, doubtless, interest on this occasion.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born of respectable parents, in Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. A useful domestic education expanded the powers of his mind, while a natural fondness for active life gave strength and vigour to his body; his soul early felt the enthusiasm of virtue, for he was taught morals as he was taught science. An education truly Spartan, was his choice and delight. With

martial toil, fatigue and danger, he longed to be familiar. Nor was he disappointed. At the age of 17, as a major in the militia, he finds a scene of activity adapted to his genius. On the banks of the Ohio, in 1754, he gained the first breathings of applause. Surrounded by the French and Indians he formed an entrenchment, and unable to sustain the attack was forced to surrender.

The courage and address which he displayed as aid-de-camp to the unfortunate Braddock, gave no small addition to his fame; he had then reached the rank of Colonel; after the peace of Paris, in 1763, he retired to the shade of private life accompanied with the voice of well-merited applause.

Forgotten or neglected by that country, for which he so bravely fought, he attended to agricultural pursuits until that important era arrived when the authority of England was questioned; when a general indignation against her violent measures roused the colonists to seek redress. Washington again appears on the theatre of public life, and was appointed a delegate to that dignified Congress (assembled in September, 1774) whose grand design was, to establish a pure representative government, which was to secure and perpetuate the liberties of man.

On the 15th of June, 1775, when measures of resistance were adopted, and the era of the revolution began to dawn, he was appointed Commander in Chief of those forces which were destined to obtain the Independence of America.

His intrepidity, his sound judgment and patriotic attachment to liberty, made the vote in his favour unanimous. He accepts the appointment with that modesty which ever accompanies true greatness, and with that disinterestedness which despises every pecuniary consideration, when the independence of his country is at stake.

He joins the army at Cambridge amidst acclamations of enthusiasm and the shouts of liberty. His courage, his prudence, and his military skill during a seven years' war, are sufficiently known. America was without an army....she had neither arms, nor ammunition, nor discipline. The genius of Washington overcomes every embarrassment, forms to discipline fifteen thousand men, habituates them to the toils of war, and finds stores and supplies at a time when the whole army had of powder but a few rounds a man.

Washington knew how to brave as well as to avoid danger. At Turtle-Bay his army suffered a shameful flight, losing the spirit and the very name of soldiers: he hazards his person in the rear, in expectation, at least, of an honourable death. Leonidas-like, with his handful of men, he would convince the Britons that the Americans, like the Spartans, preferred death to slavery.

Retiring beyond the Delaware, with not more than two thousand men, by his serene and firm conduct, he kept alive the spirit of independence, and roused fresh springs of action. Cowards prayed for the opportunity of redeeming their character. The snow was tinged with the blood of those bare-legged Americans, who, inspired by his example, rushed from all quarters to share the immortal glory of the combats of Princeton and Trenton.

By his influence he kept together his little band, and invigorated them to resistance; and, by his well-digested plans, he baffled the deep-concerted schemes of the British Cabinet. The reluctant hand of the veteran Cornwallis, is forced to deliver the sword to him, to whom the pride of Britons had refused to give the name of General.

When the military scene was closed, when peace presented her cheery visage, he resigns that commission he so much honoured (in December, 1783) delivers an account, in his own hand writing, of the money he expended during the war, and hastens to the shades of his chosen retreat.

Here he remained, whilst the new Constitution, the basis of the Laws, agitated the public mind. Altho' he had resolved not to quit his private station, yet, when the Constitution of 1789 was adopted, the love of his

Country overcame his fondness for retirement, and he accepted the office of President under the new form of Government, to which he was called by the general voice of a grateful Country.

It would require the pen of a Tacitus to describe the feelings of American hearts on this momentous occasion. Yet in the midst of the praise of ten thousand tongues he preserves a calmness which scarcely discovers a heart susceptible of that darling passion so natural to man.

A sword, transmitted as a present from the late Frederick of Prussia, with this inscription, "from the oldest to the greatest General in the world," was received with a modest composure of countenance, which no hero in a similar situation ever preserved.

Let us scrutinize the characters of ancient and modern times, and as a skilful general, where shall we find his superior? Genius and prudence were his. Posterity may not rank him with a Condé or Turenne, but we know that it is not in the power of fancy to conceive a train of more imminent dangers, or more dreadful fatigue, than he often experienced. More than once he was deserted by his men; on all sides appeared disaffection and dismay;.....he often had to seek a retreat in the woods, from the force of superior numbers, yet while his heart was torn with anguish, his coolness and intrepidity supported him under the most trying circumstances. The unshaken spirit of so young a commander gave courage to the weakest and inspired them with a resolution to conquer, or die.

He had ambition, but not the ambition of a Cæsar. His was a subordinate passion, regulated by the principles of political justice. No crime sullies his character. He recalled the unfortunate from banishment, and opened the prison gates when the fear of being enslaved, no longer existed. His humanity is unimpeached; no barbarous punishment recalls him to saddening memory. If in one instance he severed the cords of affection, it was demanded by the laws of war, by the authoritative voice of natural preservation.

It was the love of his country which made him choose the profession of arms, and cherishing this principle, the fairest prospect of aggrandizement could not seduce him from the path of integrity. Guided by principles of invincible probity, he abhorred every illicit means to obtain wealth, and would not suffer his mind to be contaminated by the love of riches.

During the chequered scene of a protracted war, of which he was the very soul and existence, no blood wantonly streamed on his theatre of glory. It was the constant wish and prayer of his heart that the sword might be sheathed, as soon as justice would resume her balance, and freedom be secured. The latter he wished to exhibit in her purest robes, not polluted with the crimson vestments of cruelty. An honourable and defensive plan of operations softened the rancour of the enemy, while the sounds of just complaints unstrung the most flinty heart.

Great as his character is as a warrior, as a statesman it is equally great. According to the opinion of the philosophic Hume, the founders of Empires are entitled to the greatest approbation. In this view Washington has the praise of an admiring world. Trained in the school of experience, and constantly employed in contemplating man as he is, he possessed a quality of the first importance to one in his exalted situation....that of discerning the characters and designs of men. It is said by some who knew him well, that he was seldom deceived in a character.

His integrity secured the most perfect confidence. Despotism, though sanctioned by time and legitimated by precedent, was, in his view, the source of the depraved and corrupt morals which blacken the face of human nature. His influence extended to the very bosom of the woods, and reconciled the jarring interests of the States. Revering the government of laws, he knew his trust and the people's rights, and was ready to oppose every attempt on constitutional liberty. When party spirit led to insurrection, his zeal was aroused, he quit his favourite abode to discharge the duties of a public station, and he was known by his grey hairs, at the

head of true Americans, securing the unprotected gates of unsuspecting liberty. Unconnected with party, and studying only the welfare of the republic, he gained the esteem of all. Convulsion ceases and faction disappears.

Nor foreign, nor domestic influence could tempt him to sacrifice the interests of his country. His praise as a senator extends as far as oceans roll. His merit is appreciated in every part of the civilized world, while a cloud of living witnesses glow with the recollection of his valour in the field and his wisdom in the cabinet.

As the actions of Washington do honour, so his writings do justice to human nature. They discover a mind endowed with strong powers and fraught with great clearness of conception. Little solicitous for fame as an author, he only indulged his reflections on those subjects which so deeply concerned the cause in which he was engaged. An honest zeal adorns his letters. The nature of government was his important study, and from the mutilated ruins of a Gothic building his genius constructed an edifice, which, it is hoped, posterity will long strive to preserve and keep in order.

If we view him as one of the great family of a common father, his character is still brighter. He equally avoided the wild phrenzy of enthusiasm and the grovelling spirit of superstition. He had formed the most worthy conceptions of the duty, and his religion was of that pure and practical kind which tends to increase the wisdom and virtue of man. Who but a Washington could have said, that there is but one religion throughout the United States, with some slight shades of difference. He worshipped in the Episcopalian Church, yet the virtuous man, the good member of society was dearest to him, whether of this or that denomination. He was deeply convinced of the utility of religion, and his example has shown that he was its best friend.

In the tented field, before and after the battle's rage, he has been seen to bow the knee and pour forth grateful effusions to the governor of the universe: what few warriors have done amidst the strife of arms, he preserved his sincerity to God and philanthropy to man.

If we view Washington in private life we find traits of character which all must admire. His virtues were as solid as his talents. His temper was regular and subject to no improper impulses. His house was the abode of hospitality. The unfortunate patriot from a foreign clime, the man of science or of virtue is sure to find a gracious reception. What feelings does it create when we picture to ourselves the conqueror of English valour, the author of the Independence of America, like Cincinnatus, at his plough, giving an example of agricultural industry to those brave soldiers who shared with him the dangers of a seven years' war.

He did not, like Charles the fifth, retire from the theatre of public life, to immure himself in the walls of a cloister, but to promote the useful arts, and practise those virtues which adorn the man and the citizen.

He regarded agriculture as the basis on which rests the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and considered it his duty, as it was his pleasure, to become a farmer. The cultivation of a large tract of land, the rearing of cattle, the art of improved husbandry occupied much of his time; no hour passed in inactivity. He rose at an early hour, and spent the day in observing the task of manual labour, in reading or conversation with intelligent men. In summer the fields are covered with waving corn, the sound of cattle is heard in the woods, orchards of wholesome fruit surround the spot where Washington spent the evening of his days.

Here a circumstance presents itself, which cannot be overlooked. While he was in office, letters were published, said to be intercepted, addressed to his wife and friends; dressed in a plausible garb, every art was employed to make them appear genuine, and thus tarnish his courage and his fame. The dignity of his situation would not stoop to a de-

fence. Secure in virtue, Fabricius-like, he stands on his own ground, and lends a deaf ear to the clamours of prejudice. As soon, however, as he found himself in retirement, as a mere farmer and simple citizen, he convinces the world that the letters are not genuine, silences every breath of suspicion; and calumny at last joins in the burst of general praise.

This benefactor of mankind, although his manners bordered on coldness and reserve, was above resentment: malice itself could not charge his conversation with vanity. If a stranger to the finer feelings, he was ever ready for the exercise of the useful virtues, for removing or mitigating distress. The honest man never solicited his succour in vain.

He was seized with an inflammatory sore throat (cynanche trachealis) and after an illness of twenty-four hours, he terminated his mortal existence, in the sixty-eight year of his age (15th February, 1799, 24th year of American Independence.) Having confidence in God, and cherishing the hope of immortality, he looked forward without fear, not a symptom of impatience or of murmur was observed. The consciousness of virtue was the vital air, which, in his last moments, spread a serenity over his soul.

You have seen....you have felt the burst of sorrow which his death has created. His was like the death of an illustrious Roman, no one in hearing it showed any joy....no one forgets that he is no more. The scholar resigns the amusement of vacation, and gives vent to sorrow. The aged appear to endure the severest stroke of adverse fortune, and the young, the pangs of the most disastrous love.

As Plato thanked Heaven that he was born in the time of Socrates, so we ought to be grateful that we live in the time of this great hero, and breathe the free air of this fortunate land.

If, in heaven, spirits recognize each other; if, there, memory still recalls the scenes of this world, what would it be to associate with a Washington! Until then, may the sharers in his earthly glory reflect lustre on his memory, by imitating his example. The spirit of Washington will smile, from heaven, on his countrymen, bowing before the altar of celestial peace.

The fame of this great man will be transmitted from son to son through distant years, though the verse of the muse should be lost, though the monuments, erected to his memory, be covered with moss.

While suns warm, and oceans roll, this benefactor of the human race shall never be forgotten.

"For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

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## SKETCH OF BENSERADE,

### THE FRENCH POET.

NOBODY perhaps ever had a quicker wit than the person of whom we are about to speak: this vivacity which broke forth in the first years of his infancy, continue without failing to the end of his life.

Isaac de Benserade was born at Lions, a city of Normandy, near Rouen. His father was grand master of the waters and forests, and we have also been informed that one of his ancestors has been chamberlain to one of our kings, and governor of the castle of Milan. By the mother's side, he was allied to the families of Vignerot and De la Porte. This descent, united with the liveliness of his wit, admitted him to a familiarity with the greatest noblemen of the court, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and who were no less anxious to gain his friendship than he was to pay attention to them.

The day before he was to be confirmed he was introduced to the bishop who was to perform this office. This prelate, observing that he was very lively for his age (for he was then but six or seven years old) and knowing that his name was Isaac, a name at that time very common among the Hugonots, of which sect his father had been long a member, asked him if he would not change his name. "What will you give me in return?" said the little Benserade. "We give nothing," replied the bishop, "in exchange for a name." "Then," said he, "I will keep

my own." "You are in the right, my child," said the bishop, smiling, "for, whatever be your name, you will know how to make it valuable."

On leaving the university he composed three or four dramatic pieces which succeeded; among these were Iphis and Ianthe, and Mark-Antony. Cardinal Richelieu, who had a high esteem for him, took care of his interests, and the queen's mother gave him a pension of 3000 livres. He attached himself to Admiral de Brezé, whom he followed in all his expeditions. After the death of his patron he returned to court, where he shone brighter than ever.

Though he lived, as has been already stated, on terms of the greatest familiarity, with the first noblemen in the kingdom, he conducted himself towards them with the greatest circumspection. "You are astonished," he used to say to his friends, "to see how I speak to the highest Lords, but be assured that I am always on my guard with them, and that no one is more cautious than I in observing my distance when I converse with them. They are lions who are always endeavouring to entrap me by their affected caresses. They would be delighted if I let slip an expression too familiar, that they might have the pleasure of giving me a rap with their paw; but thank God, I have not yet afforded them this amusement."

He was well made, and of a graceful mein; very genteel and gallant, which last quality he preserved to old age without appearing ridiculous. His poems have for more than forty years afforded amusement to the court and all France; but more particularly, during the King's youth, when he composed the much admired verses for the ballets which the king gave every winter. These verses were of a new kind which he had the honour of inventing. Before his time, the words of the ballet only alluded to the characters which were introduced, and not at all to the persons by whom they were performed. Benserade had the ingenuity to render his verses applicable to both; and as the king sometimes performed the character of Jupiter, sometimes of Mars, or Neptune, or the Sun, nothing could be more pleasing or elegant than the delicacy of the praises which he bestowed on him without addressing him in person. The words are literally applied to the character, but figuratively to the actor; this caused a double pleasure, by furnishing the understanding with two thoughts at once, each beautiful in itself, but receiving double grace by their union. In the same manner, he wrote of all the lords and ladies of the court who took part in these ballets with the king. Their merits, their talents, sometimes even their gallantries were touched on with such delicacy, that they were often the first to raise the laugh against themselves.

His other compositions are no less original. He has imitated nobody. The graces with which they are enlivened, are perfectly new, and have no model, even in the most polished writers of Greece and Rome. Cardinal Mazarin put a high value on his verses, and often said, that in his youth he himself had composed some which resembled those of Benserade. He gave him a pension of 2000 livres; and afterwards, a second of 1000 crowns, from the Abbey of St. Eloy.

He once sent a lady of quality a paraphrase of the book of Job, accompanied with a sonnet which made much noise at the time; it ended with the following verses:

S'il souffrit maux incroyables
Il s'en pleignit, il en parla;
J'en connois de plus miserables.

Tho' grievous were the prophet's woes,
The pains he felt he might disclose;
Condemned my sorrows to confine,
How much severer woes are mine.

As this sonnet was very much praised, those who envied his fame pretended, that it was not equal to a sonnet of Voiture, which had been composed by him for a lady, to whom he gave the name of Urania. All Paris took part in this dispute; they formed two factions, of which, that of Benserade was called the Jobelins, that of Voiture, the Uranians. The question was never decided; and they only agreed thus far, that if Voiture's sonnet was more beautiful in the opinion of some, Benserade's was more gallant in the opinion of every one.

He translated the whole of Ovid's Metamorphoses into rondeaux, many of which are extremely beautiful. Each rondeau contains the subject of a fable, together with a very ingenious and pleasing moral. The king was at the expence of all the engravings which adorned this work; they were very fine and numerous. The richness and selection of rhymes, both in these rondeaux and in all his writings is astonishing. No one has excelled him in this part of poetry. He also composed several books of devotion; among others, the Office of the Virgin, many Prayers, and all the Psalms of David.

He died at Paris, October 16th, 1691, at the age of 78 years, with all the piety of a true christian, after having suffered exquisite pain from a nephritic complaint with which he was long troubled, and which at length brought him to the grave.

## DETACHED ANECDOTES, &c.

### JEAN RACINE.

THIS poet was buried at Port Royal des Champs, where he was carried the day after his death, according to the directions in his will, which contained but one clause, expressed in the following words: "I desire, that after my death, my body be carried to Port Royal des Champs, and buried in the cemetary at the foot of M. Hamont. I humbly entreat the mother abbess and the nuns to grant me this honour, altho' I acknowledge I am wholly unworthy of it, both on account of the irregularities of my past life, and the bad use I have made of the excellent education I formerly received in this house, and the great examples of piety and repentance I have here seen, of which I have been but an empty admirer. But the more I have offended God, the more do I stand in need of the prayers of so holy a society, to procure his mercy."

### IMPROMPTU BY THE SULTAN AKBER.

This prince, whose mild and beneficent policy is still the theme of applause to Mussulman and Hindoo, when engaged in hostilities with a neighbouring prince, directed a brave but bigoted Rajeput, to conduct a body of troops across the Attoc. This river, as its name indicates, is the bar or limit which no Hindoo must pass: the Rajeput therefore represented the impossibility of his compliance with the Sultan's order. To this excuse, Akber replied in the following extempore verse:

O'er every land great Rama reigns;
What bar then shall our steps controul?
That bar eternally remains
Which circumscribes the narrow soul.

### SANTEUIL.

Some person was so ill-bred as to complain in the presence of this poet, that he had been cheated by a monk. The company present expected he would have received a sharp reprimand for such an attack upon Santeuil's profession. He, however, only assumed a serious look, and asked the person aggrieved, how long he had been at Paris? "Many years," answered the other. "Then you are not entitled to any pity," replied Santeuil with equal gravity. "The man who has lived many years in a city abounding with monks, and is cheated by them, deserves no compassion. While you live, Sir, let me advise you to beware of four things; of a woman before, of a mule behind, of a cat sideways, and of a monk every way.

### MONTESQUIEU.

Dassier, an artist, celebrated for cutting medals, went from London to Paris to engrave that of the Author of the Spirit of Laws; but Montesquieu, through modesty, always declined sitting to him. At length, the artist said to him one day, "do not you think there is more pride in refusing, than acceding to my request." Disarmed by this pleasantry, Montesquieu immediately yielded.

### TURENNE.

TURENNE once remarked that an officer of distinguished merit, but poor, was very ill mounted. He invited him to dinner, and after the repast was over, took him aside, and in a very friendly manner said to him: I have a favour to beg of you, which perhaps you will think somewhat too bold; but I hope you will not refuse a request made by your general. I am now old and somewhat unhealthy. Swift horses fatigue me; but I observe you have one that I think will suit me. If I thought it would not be too great a sacrifice for you to make, I would request it of you." The officer replied by a low bow, and immediately brought the horse to the general's stables. Turenne, the next day, sent him one of the finest and best horses in the army.

### EXTRAORDINARY GOOD FORTUNE.

WHEN Pope Sextus the fifth, heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded her rival, the queen of Scotland, he cried out in a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head."

### CROPS.

General Wolfe was remarkable for very fine hair. One day observing several young officers too attentive to the outside of their heads in the field, and wishing to give the strongest mark of his disapprobation to an instance of effeminacy so unbecoming to soldiers, he drew a pair of scissars from his pocket, and cut off those locks which had so often been the envied object of female admiration. Then turning to one of his young officers who seemed to pay most attention to the etiquette of his hair, "I dare say, Sir," said he, "you will be polite enough to follow my example." He could not refuse; and was imitated by all the rest in company.

### POPULAR ERROR.

The foresight of ants has been highly extolled; and during the lapse of 3000 years, authors have repeated with complacency, that they hoard provisions for the winter, and that they construct magazines in which they deposite the grain that they have collected during the fine season.... These provisions would be quite useless to them, since it has been proved that they sleep during the whole of winter, and that a very moderate degree of cold is sufficient to benumb the whole family. What use, then, could they make of those pretended granaries? The fact is, that they do not construct them. The grain, which they convey with so much activity, to their city, is merely designed for materials to be employed in the construction of their dwellings, as are also little splinters of wood, straw or any other substance.

*Latreilles Nat. Hist. of Insects.*

### INGENUITY IN A BRUTE.

The southern shore of Islandmagee is steep and craggy, and the cavities of the rocks inhabited by foxes; concerning one of these, the following anecdote is related.....A fox was observed to have his den in a cavity of a rock, in a situation which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of either man or beast; many conjectures past how the animal ascended or descended thither: when one morning being closely pursued, he was observed to enter in the following manner....Some briars growing on the verge of the precipice, and hanging towards his den, he laid hold of them in his mouth, and slung himself down to a part of the rock which projected, from which he could easily reach his den. The first time after this that he was observed abroad, a man went and cut the briars nearly through, by which he descended; then hunting him with a dog, he proceeded to his usual place of refuge, and caught hold of the briars with his wonted confidence.....they gave way! and he was killed with the fall down the precipice.

### SPECIFIC FOR BLINDNESS.

A Quack Doctor, in the neighbourhood of York, who advertised an universal specific for the ills of mankind, adds, that he attends to communications by letter, "but it is

necessary that persons afflicted with loss of sight, should *see* the doctor.

### "ONE MUST LIVE."

A Frenchman once related to me an instance of perhaps the most cool-blooded villainy that is to be met with in the annals of history. It was of a French soldier who in the short space of twenty-five minutes, dispatched five out of a family of seven persons; the oldest seventy years of age, the youngest not five, in hopes of being able to extort from the fears of the survivors some confession relative to a sum of money, which, it was said, the family were in possession of. The concomitant circumstances were such as compelled me to express my feelings with some warmth on the occasion, to which the narrator replied that "it was undoubtedly shocking." "But, sir," added he, with all the philosophical calmness imaginable, "the brave soldier was poor, and you know.... *one must live.*"

### RABELAIS.

The Cardinal de Billy, to whom Rabelais was domestic physician, being troubled with an hypochondriac disorder, it was resolved at a consultation of his physicians, that an opening decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminence.... upon this, Rabelais retires, leaving the rest in deep consultation, orders a large fire in the yard, places on it a huge kettle, brimful of water, into which he throws all the keys he could collect; then stripping himself to his doublet, sets about stirring them with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, on coming down, astonished at this, asked him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct; "Gentlemen," says he, "I am making your prescription: I know of no better openers than keys. If you are not satisfied with these, I will dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for half a dozen battering cannon."

### IRISH GALLANTRY.

Before one of the battles of the old German war, in which the English arms obtained so much glory, when the two hostile armies were drawn up opposite to each other, waiting for the signal to charge; the horse of a young Irish cornet, named Richardson, took fright, and suddenly darted forward from the line, and in spite of all his rider's exertions, carried him into the midst of a squadron of French cavalry. The enemy immediately surrounded him, and all vied with each other for the honour of seizing the English standard; but with a generosity which then characterised them, they wished, if possible, to obtain it without sacrificing the life of one whom they already considered their prisoner. They, however, cut at his arm, hoping thus to force him to drop his charge. He was totally defenceless, one hand grasping the standard, the other holding the reins; but he kept firm, and as they cried "*rendez l'etendart,*" his only answer was, "*Oui, avec le bras.*"* The crowd of combatants impeded each other, and the impetuosity of his charger prevented the effect of many of their blows. He received several severe wounds, which, however, failed of changing his determination. He remained resolute to be cut down, rather than forfeit the honour of the regiment. At length the unruly beast, making a sudden turn, broke through the throng and bore him safely back to his friends, who received with astonishment and transport the young hero and the standard. He lived to be an old man, and has frequently repeated the story to his intimate friends, and showed his arm, all seamed with the gashes he had received in that glorious struggle.

### A FRENCH COMPLIMENT.

When General Humbert was taken prisoner at Ballynamuck, he dined with some of the British officers.... On drinking toasts after dinner, when he was called upon for his, he proposed *General* Vereker. No one objected to it; but one of the company corrected him, by saying, that he

* Surrender the standard..... Yes, with my arm.

had used a wrong title, the gentleman named being only a Colonel.... "You may call him what you please," replied the republican officer, with more truth than good breeding; "but, in my opinion, *he was the only general I met with since I landed.*"

TOPSY-TURVEY.

At a dinner in London, a large turbot graced the head of the table.,.. The carver, as may be supposed, was not allowed to ground his arms; he found great difficulty in cutting out the nice bits, which were most in demand, and which, as every connoisseur knows, always lie undermost, as the fish is served up. On complaining of this, the entertainer endeavoured to console him, by assuring him that when he next occupied that post, the inconvenience should be remedied; "for," says he, "I will give particular directions to the cook, hereafter to serve up turbot with *the underside uppermost.*

FRENCH BULL.

Denon, in his travels through Egypt, says that the army on arriving at a village, found the whole population in arms to oppose their entrance. "We had no other means," continues he, "to show that we meant to do them no harm, *than by putting them all to the sword.*"

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A FRAGMENT.

.....THEN the short, and sullen meal, and silent,
Save where silence yields to the bell's summons,
That calls up the slim and agile waiter,
Who slides in, writhing his lithe proboscis,
To tell me what's to pay, and bows as low
As to a god; counts the strict measur'd change,
Flies off in fume, and gives me to the devil.

One plate....one dish....and, then, to round the hour,
One pint of porter....I sit, and seem to think,
But all is dark....all without form and void.
No human face divine, sheds on my face
A pure and lambent light. No spirit of love,
Draws from its depth the meeting tide of soul
That mounts into the eyes, where sympathy
Sits like a halcyon, on the watry swell.
No feasts, where sense adds zest to sentiment,
Such feasts as Booth shar'd with Amelia,
When woo'd by her angelic voice to take
What her white hand had carv'd, which took from his
The pledge, the sparkling pledge of love and friendship.
Not the mere jingle of two frigid glasses,
But the sweet interchange of kindred souls,
And wishes meeting like the lips of her that fram'd them,
As soft and warm, and tender;
He, her dear Booth, and she, his darling girl.

How dull, compar'd with this, the lonely crowd
Where idiot ceremony sickens us
With healths, and palls the graceless meal;
Meals that begin without one thought of God,
And end by loudly calling for the *devil.*
Instinct with fire, and all embroil'd, he comes
Amidst an universal hubbub wild,
Of soft piano pipes, and brazen throats
Striving for mastery....the devil....the dev'l.
Ithuriel touch'd him lightly with his spear,
The fearless fair one sticks her bolder fork
Deep in the "gristly wing"...and,then,with breath,
Which whispers whence it stole its sav'ry spoil,
Wafts round the fragrance, like the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd. Then to some curate,
With hair carv'd nicely in one rigid curl,
But manners loose, obsequious as an osier,
Transmits the type of Satan. He gives thanks,
And whispers in her ear some paltry pun.

This makes me long to shut my chamber door
In the world's face....to stride athwart the room,
In proud and insulated independence,
Stamping upon the servitudes of life,
As on a carpet wov'n with chequer'd colours;
Or, with legs rais'd, at horizontal height,
Widely encircling one warm friend....the fire....
With arms close wreathed, back-reclining head,
And eyes most sternly fix'd upon the ceiling,
To sit....unburthen'd with a cumbrous world,
And bless'd as Atlas, lighten'd of his load.

Did not some heav'nly impulse drive us on,
This weight of world would sink us to the centre.
As body gravitates, the soul would grovel,
And its sole pow'r would be the pow'r of falling
Thro' vast vacuity. We still retain
The impulse of his hand who bade us run
The circuit of the heav'ns....not like comets
Now flaming fierce upon the eyes of men,
Then lost, in dark and frigid solitude,
But with more regular and certain course,
And, even in solitude, attracting light,
To shed again with kindliest influence.
Yet strange, how soon I long for company!

It gently agitates the stagnant mind,
And we are drawn by many petty habits,
As Gulliver by Lilliputian cords.
Nauseous at first, and then indifferent,
Acquaintance grows upon us, like tobacco,
We know not why or wherefore. But we feel
The hungry vacuum of an idle heart.
This forces one to sit with sad composure
While the long story creeps along, along,
Propt on a thousand petty circumstances,
And nothing is forgotten....but the joke.
********** MOROSUS.

## INDEPENDENCE.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

MARK the golden sun on high
Scatt'ring round a glorious ray!
Flaming through the desert sky,
Matchless ruler of the day.
Thus, where INDEPENDENCE reigns,
Wide it spreads a steady light,
And soon majestic height it gains,
While slav'ry sinks away from sight.

What though sinks awhile the sun,
Long it gilds the western skies,
Soon again its course shall run,
Soon with double splendor rise;
Thus, a light in feeble times,
Independence here shall reign,
Or soon, if circling distant climes,
Shall here refulgent rise again.

What though Isr'el's tribes so long,
Bow'd the knee at Baal's shrine,
A thousand, thousand hearts were strong,
Nor durst from glory's course decline;
No!....they knew the Patriot's part,
Look'd with scorn on tyrant pow'rs,
Their country's love inspir'd each heart,
And that sweet love shall glow in ours.

What though Grecians now no more,
Shine a nation brave and free,
Yet some, while they the loss deplore,
Still love the song of Liberty:
They, who have but heard of day,
Freedom's day, revolt at night,
And we....shall Britains basely stray
In darkness, born in glorious light?

Did Columbia strive in vain?
Long in vain oppose our will?
No....great the fight, nor small the gain,
And Britons love Columbia still;
She for Independence bled,
Glorious death! and glorious prize!
Muse Britons, muse on patriots dead,
And bid a proud ambition rise.

Yes! by Alfred's gen'rous name,
By laurell'd Edward's warriors brave,
By lofty Hampden's love of fame,
And noble Sydney's sacred grave,
By valour's triumphs, virtue's wrongs,
By all who struggled, fought and died,
Shall Independence rule our songs,
Shall freedom be our only guide.

Long as we view you lamp of fire;
Long as we feel its genial ray,
May freedom British hearts inspire,
May honour rule with sovereign sway;
Live Independence! reign supreme!
Ours be thy more than charter'd plan,
And never may we Britons deem,
Who spurn the noblest rights of man.
*London.* G. D.

## SONG.

MAD MARGERY.

POOR Margery sits on the shore, by the willow,
And woe-worn her looks, for distracted is she;
To the wind she complains, to the white foaming billow,
And oft is the sea-weed poor Margery's pillow;
Her treasure's entomb'd in the sea.

Poor Margery lov'd, and a youth more enchanting,
Ne'er woo'd a fair maiden, or sail'd the salt wave.
Their bliss to complete but a few years were wanting,
For glory he left her, his tender heart panting,
But soon found a watery grave.

Poor Margery long watch'd her lover's returning,
Oft fond expectation the ship brought in view;
Peace at length wav'd her olive, with pain'd bosom burning,
She heard the sad tidings, which chang'd hope to mourning,
How his loss was bewail'd by the crew.

Now faded's the face many a rustic call'd pretty;
All sun-burnt her cheeks, sunk and languid her eyes;
To the loud-screaming sea-bird she sings her wild ditty,
But shuns ev'ry stranger, or laughs at their pity,
And weeps when a vessel she spies.

At her breast hangs the token of love, giv'n at parting,
Which daily she washes with love's painful tears;

Now vacantly gazing, now frantic, up-starting,
Rememb'rance across her disorder'd brain darting,
The voice of her lover she hears.

No more must the morning awake her to gladness,
No more her torn bosom can harbour sweet peace:
Ah! poor luckless maiden! abandon'd to sadness,
He who rides on the wind can alone heal thy madness,
And bid all thy sorrowings cease!

*Belfast.* A.

## HYMNS OF CHARITY.

### HYMN I.

O Thou, who from thy heav'n of love,
To man in mercy came,
And took, descending from above,
His nature, and his name,

Humanity, thou sent of God,
When earth was heard to mourn,
To trace the steps our Saviour trod,
And wait 'till his return.

Here, angel virtue, shake thy plumes,
Their incense, here, impart,
And wing the willing hand that comes,
With succour from the heart.

Faith, at thy side, shall close attend,
And point her golden rod,
And Hope, still bright'ning to the end,
Here seeks her parent God.

O God, may these three graces bind
In one resplendent zone,
The destinies of human-kind
And hang them to thy throne.

### HYMN II.

WHY did the will of heav'n ordain
A world so mix'd with woe?
Why pour down want, disease, and pain,
On wretched men below?

It was the will of God to leave
Those ills for man to mend,
Nor let affliction pass the grave,
Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties,
The human-race to bind,
To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,
With pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the heav'nly bow,
On darkest cloud doth shine,
And makes, with her celestial glow,
The human race divine.

Where Mercy takes her 'custom'd stand
To bid her flock rejoice,
'Tis there, with grace extends the hand,
There, music tunes the voice.

And He who speaks in mercy's name
No fiction needs nor art,
The still, small voice of Nature's claim,
Re-echoes through each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen....is found,
Descends upon the hallow'd head,
And sheds a glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove,
Nor will the pray'r of faith avail,
Without the works of Love.

### HYMN III.

O Sweeter than the fragrant flow'r,
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the pow'r,
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain,
Of music to the ear,
That placid joy we give, and gain,
By gratitude sincere!

The husbandman goes forth a field,
What hopes his heart expand!
What calm delight his labours yield!
A harvest from his hand!

A hand that providently throws
Nor dissipates in vain;
How neat his field, how clean it grows,
What produce from each grain!

The noble husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart,
Shall this, with men, less favour, find,
Less genuine joy impart?

Ah....no, your goodness strikes a root,
That dies not, nor decays,
And future life shall yield the fruit,
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that, here expand,
Their green and tender leaves
Shall shed a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestow'd
May perfect heav'ns high plan:
First daughter to the love of God,
Is charity to man. C. H.

'Tis He who scatters blessings round
Adores his Maker best,
His walk through life is mercy crown'd;
His bed of death is blest.

### CUPID'S RECOVERY.

CUPID, once, of sleep forsaken,
Pass'd each night in grievous moan,
Doctors came, and drugs were taken,
The poor child was all but gone.

Hymen called, a new physician,
Sleep, that night, his eye-lids bless'd;
The next, still better'd his condition,
And soon no boy got sounder rest.

X.

### THE REVIVAL OF LOVE.

AROUND the hearse where Love was laid
The sister Graces weeping wait,
And vainly Beauty's goddess pray'd,
With idle tears t'avert his fate.

The God of Physic tries his art,
His boasted skill is useless all;
No simples can their aid impart,
No herbs his faded bloom recall.

From everyside the neighbouring swains,
When publish'd was the tale of woe,
Neglect their flocks and leave the plains
The last sad tribute to bestow.

His arrows broke, his bow unstrung,
Trophies of ancient victories,
Around, in order due, are hung,
To grace his solemn obsequies.

And gloomy cypress, willow pale,
Fit emblems of departed love,
And yew that courts the silent dale,
Collected from the neighbouring grove.

The village maids with zones unbound,
Neglected tresses, weeping eyes,
Strew fragrant herbs and flow'rs around
The couch on which their favourite lies.

Among the rest, Sophia came,
And many a pearly tear she shed,
And call'd upon her darling's name,
And mournful knelt beside his bed.

She clasp'd him in her snowy arms,
And to her heaving bosom prest;
And art thou gone, she cried, whose charms,
So oft have sooth'd this pensive breast.

For ever lost....take this, and this,
Dearest companion of our lives;
She stoop'd, and gave a parting kiss,
And with her kiss the God revives.

# SELECT POETRY.

### A LOVER TO HIS TAPER.

*Translated from the Arabic of the Sheik Safy Eddin Alhillay, by the Rev. J. D. Carlyle.*

YON wasting taper when I see,
I cry, "poor fool, our lot's the same,"
I bear a raging fire like thee,
Yet dread whate'er would quench the flame.

Like thine, with tears this face o'erflows,
And bleach'd and wan these cheeks appear;
Like thine, these eyes no slumbers close,
Like thine—a melting heart is there.

### ODE OF KHOSROO.

*From the Persian.*

NIGHT spreads her balmy wings around,
Yet not for me her opiate dew;
Prostrate, I kiss the hallow'd ground,
Which leads to rapture, love, and you.

Day to the wretch, diffuses light....
Yet not for me his genial ray,
Despair survives the wretched night,
Black'ning with sighs and tears the day.

Nor pity moves that heart of stone,
Nor sighs, nor tears, their victim save,
Tears, which my earliest youth have known,
And sighs which court a peaceful grave.

Scatter my dust, ye winds of death!
Bring peace to wretched Khosroo's heart....
In vain, alas!....departed breath
Shall no kind balm to love impart.

# LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN.

## OBSERVATIONS ON LUCRETIUS.

Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

OVID.

When earth and heaven in mingled ruins lie,
Shall thy bold song, sublime Lucretius, die.

LUCRETIUS chose a subject which comprehended an investigation of the principal phenomena of nature, and he has illustrated it with all the pomp and decoration of numbers. The explanation of the Epicurean system to which he was attached with all the enthusiasm of a poet, naturally led to an examination and refutation of every other: and hence his work presents us not only with a minute explanation of the theory of Epicurus, but an epitome of the most distinguished systems of ancient Physics.

It is really a matter of just curiosity to contemplate the labour and zeal with which he endeavours to establish his favourite hypothesis, even in particulars, whose glaring absurdity provokes a smile. Yet he who reads Lucretius for the first time will be surprised to find him possessed of so critical a knowledge of nature, and that even the great Newtonian hypothesis of gravitation, which he combats with his usual intrepidity, was well known in the days of Epicurus. Many of our greatest modern philosophers are indebted to his physical illustrations, and the leading principle of his system, the doctrine of atoms, may still be found in the Monads of Leibnitz, the Molecules of Bergman, and the *minima naturæ* of Newton himself.

Readers who have not dipped into the philosophical opinions of the ancients, may be startled at the bold impiety which pervades the "Nature of Things." But let them recollect that the popular mythology of the Greeks and Romans, was all a tissue of folly and romance, which hardly any inquiring mind could adopt, and therefore it is not surprising that its rejection should lead to atheistical conclusions. The history of the *Dii Majores* furnishes a precedent and example for almost every crime; yet no one apprehends any danger from placing Ovid, and other writers who detail their history, in the hands of boys and children.

The work of Lucretius may be considered as a beautiful philosophical romance, in which some things are to be blamed, but many to be admired. He expatiates with force and elegance on the advantages of temperance, and the due government of the passions. He paints the miseries of ambition with sense and pathos, and shows that human happiness does not consist in the accumulation of wealth, the gratifications of luxury, or the acquisition of fame. The superstitions which he decries deserved his detestation, and if in conformity to the principles of his master, he adopted a belief in the eternity of matter, and denied the immortality of the soul, and the agency of a particular providence; his error should be ascribed to the natural weakness of the human understanding. Such errors can have no influence in forming the opinions of modern inquirers. It did not require the learning of Polignac, or the labours of Blackmore, to refute his doctrines. With the sublime truth contained in the first verse of revelation, for the basis of his philosophy, every child may detect the absurdity, and expose the weakness of the Epicurean System.

An ingenious gentleman, who has honoured the present writer with his thoughts on this subject, has not less justly than elegantly remarked, that "In Lucretius we have a striking example of the insufficiency of unassisted reason. In the wanderings of so great a mind, exploring its way through the creation, as in a labyrinth, and incapable of perceiving the presence of an omnipotent and eternal Nature, the necessity of revelation, finds an unanswerable proof. With the highest flame of genius,

and most ardent desire for knowledge, how did the poet's highest attainments fall short, on the most important of all subjects, of those of the poorest christian peasant, who carries with him from the cradle, exalted ideas of the majesty of heaven, of the attributes of that Being who created and sustains the frame of nature by his almighty arm."

" Ere the radiant sun
" Sprang from the east, or mid the vault of heaven,
" The moon suspended her serener lamp;
" Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
" Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
" Then liv'd th' almighty ONE; then deep retired
" In his unfathom'd essence viewed the forms,
" The forms eternal of created things:
" The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
" The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe
" And wisdom's mein celestial. From the first
" Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
" His admiration: till in time complete
" What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
" Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
" Of life informing each organic frame;
" Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves;
" Hence light and shade alternate: warmth and cold;
" And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers
" And all the fair variety of things."

AKENSIDE.

Of the merit of Lucretius as a poet, there is but one opinion. Authors of the first eminence, since the days of Cicero till the present time, have been adding laurels to his chaplet. Wharton, a critic of superior discernment, says, that "he has more fire, spirit, and energy, more of the *vivida vis animi*, than any of the Roman poets, not excepting Virgil himself." But as general criticism seldom leaves any lasting impression, it may be useful to mark some of his distinguishing excellencies, and quote those passages in which he excells.

The opening of the first book, though it presents us with a picture of Venus with her lover Mars, which, in the opinion of the above-mentioned critic, is beautiful to the last degree, and more glowing than any picture painted by Titian, exhibits a a glaring proof of the discordance which prevailed between the feelings of the poet, and the sentiments of the philosopher. He strenuously contends, that the Gods take no concern whatever in human affairs, and yet commences his work with an impassioned address to Venus. Æneadum genetrix, &c.

As few of our readers may have an opportunity of consulting the original, Drummond's Translation is given:

Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Delight of men below and gods above;
Who pour'st abroad thy life-diffusing soul,
To all that lies beneath the whirling pole;
The buoyant ocean owns thy genial powers,
And earth enriched with fruits, and decked with flowers.
From thy fond smile the living tribes arise
And view, rejoiced, the orb that gilds the skies.
Goddess benign! before thy radiant form
Flee the chill vapour, and the wint'ry storm;
For thee, the earth her fragrant breast perfumes,
Unfolds her flowers, and opens all her blooms;
Relenting ocean, by thy potent wiles,
Smooths his rough brow, and clothes his face in smiles,
While all the heavens, suffused with clearer light,
In placid glory shine serenely bright.

The critics with more good nature than they can in general boast, have endeavoured to clear the poet from the charge of inconsistency, by contending that the address to Venus, is only a bold personification of the generative principle which pervades all nature. Having described the influence of love on the animal creation, he comes to the "glowing picture," admired by Wharton:

Do thou, the while, bid war's dire labours cease,

And lull the earth and seas in tranquil peace;
For thou alone with peace can'st man delight,
Thou only soothe the dreadful God of fight.
Oft the fierce power, by mighty love oppress,
Love's wound eternal bleeding in his breast,
Hung on thy bosom, round thee fondly twined,
And close by thine, his taper neck reclin'd;
Supinely laid, and panting in thine arms,
Feeds his wild eyes, insatiate on thy charms,
'Till all his spirit, thrilled with sweet desire,
Hangs on thy lips, that glow with mutual fire.
Now, gentle Goddess! now thy influence prove,
Seize the soft moment of dissolving love;
Pour in his ear, thy soul-subduing voice,
Implore for peace, and bid thy Rome rejoice.

*As the extension of these observations might encroach too much on the limits of a Magazine, the subject shall be resumed in some future number.* C.

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## CRITICISM ON OVID.

*Consiliis, non curribus utere nostris.*

OVID is one of those writers whose fate seems to be never to be praised, nor blamed in moderation; yet we may say of him, that there is scarcely an author, whose claims may be more easily settled. A rich elegance of expression, with an exuberance of fancy, seems his prominent characteristic. In that kind of musing sentiment, in the indulgence of which the speaker may be supposed as reclined, *lentus in umbra*, and entertaining his excursive fancy with amusing combinations, weaving fantastic garlands of many coloured thought, his merits are of the most conspicuous kind. To these productions of his fancy, it may, however, be justly objected, that quaint and ostentatious contrasts in his words and thoughts, bring with them the idea of labour and constraint; they consequently do not seem to occur naturally; hence, and because of their frequent recurrence, they must become tiresome, and Ovid cease to appear the poet of nature.

Thus, speaking generally, the merits and demerits of this author may be easily fixed: yet we must be impartial, and, while we acknowledge his merits, acknowledge, also, that they are of an inferior kind. The process of the mind in forming an estimate of him, in some measure proves this. While we are inexperienced, and open to the seductions of novelty, he carries off all our applause; but when we have attained to some knowledge of the human mind, and are qualified to judge what is pathetic, what sublime, that is, when the mind has been matured by experience, and our feelings duly analyzed, we learn to *put down* into its proper class what was raised too high through the fervour of youthful admiration. But while we judge thus, we must not place him lower than he deserves; there are some, who can see no fault in their favourite author; who, while they find in Homer, more than Homer ever wrote, blind themselves to the actual merits of those they dislike. It is to be regretted, that men of this description are to be found among our leading critics; for as their opinions are received with deference, their errors procure reception, and young minds may, from them, imbibe false principles of judgment. It may, perhaps, be objected, that errors of judgment in matters of mere criticism cannot be very dangerous. In answer to this, it may be replied, that just criticism implies sound reasoning, and consequently, that there can be no false principle admitted into its process without the danger of, more or less, clouding the judgment, and that a false principle may find admission unsuspected through an unimportant medium. On some future occasion, I purpose submitting to the public a few thoughts in proof of this; at present, the assertion seems to me reasonable enough to obtain credit.

HURD has obtained, in the judgment of some, an unmerited degree of applause in the literary world: it is certain that he is *dashing* and dogmatical in the sentences, he pro-

nounces. The passage, prefixed to this, is an instance, and is also a proof, that we should duly weigh what any, the most respectable critic, will pronounce.

The bishop, in his annotations on Horace, most decisively condemns Ovid for what he terms an unbecoming application of one verb to two words, in different meanings: and gives it as his opinion, that such use of words is tolerable only in a burlesque poem. As an instance of the propriety of this use, he cites the following couplet from Pope's Rape of the Lock.

"Here, thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
"Dost sometimes counsel *take*....and sometimes tea."

He then concludes his sentence of condemnations, roundly asserting, that in all of Virgil's writings a similar instance occurs but once. What the instance is he has not mentioned, at least, that I can recollect.

But to show the *truth* of this hardy assertion, I shall cite a few passages out of *many* more of a similar nature, which might be extracted from Virgil.

.....Moresque viris et mœnia ponet.
Æn. i. l. 265.
Crudeles aras, trajectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit. Æ. i. l. 355.
Inclusos utero Danaos & pinea furtim
Laxat claustra Sinon. Æ. ii. l. 258.
.....Nec voci iræque pepercit.
Æ. ii. l. 534.
.....Inceptoq; et sedibus hæret
iisdem. Æ. ii. l. 654.
.....Et cœlo palmas cum voce tetendit. Æ. ii. l. 688.

In each of these passages the verb is evidently connected with the depending nouns in a difference of application; and the practice of Ovid is well authorized by that of the correct Virgil. The judgment of Hurd seems to have been biassed by an early prepossession, originating in the passage quoted from the English poet; and thus biassed he proceeded to judge of the idiom of one language by the idiom of another.

ON A PASSAGE OF VOLTAIRE.

CONTINENTAL authors have contracted a very strong prejudice against our older tragic writers, and against Shakespeare in particular..... For this there has been some foundation. The great latitude assumed by them in the formation and conduct of their plots, and their deviations from those rules of criticism to which the French writers in particular adhere with such scrupulous exactness, afford sufficient grounds for censure. The ignorance of our language increases this prejudice..... Some part, however, must be attributed to misrepresentation. Voltaire is a strong instance of this. The remarks which he makes on the prince of English tragedy, show how cautious we should be in placing implicit credit on the representations of another, however great his talents or well-established his character. Some of his observations are very just, and serve to give currency to all. Our dependance on his judgment is farther increased by the apparent candour with which he premises his criticisms. He begins by saying, "that one reason for the prejudice against Shakespeare so common on the Continent, is, that his errors only have been taken notice of; but that no one has translated any of those strong and brilliant passages which make atonement for his faults." The truth of this is undeniable. His most zealous admirers will allow that though he is the most sublime, he is also the most unequal of poets; and therefore that those who hear of his faults alone, must wonder at the perversity of English taste. Voltaire proceeds to give a reason for this unjust mode of treatment. "Nothing," says he, "is easier than to exhibit in prose all the silly impertinences of a poet; but it is a very difficult task to translate his fine verses. Two pages which display some of the beauties of a great genius are of infinitely more value than volumes of comments: greater advantage may be reaped from a dozen of verses of Homer or Virgil, than from all the critiques which have been written on

these two poets." In order to illustrate these observations, he proceeds to give a translation of a select passage. That which he has chosen, if not one of the most sublime, is certainly very striking, and such as would be selected by any one desirous of giving a specimen of the nervous diction and bold sentiments of this poet. It is the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet upon death. But who would suppose after such an appearance of candour and impartiality, that the words of Shakespeare would be perverted into a declamation against priests and religion? In order that the reader may judge for himself, I here lay before him Voltaire's words and a literal translation, in which, though the beauty of the expressions may not be preserved, the sentiments which the French critic puts into the mouth of the Danish prince are correctly stated. The passage is as follows....

Demeure, il faut choisir et passer a l'instant
De la vie, a la mort, ou de l'Etre au neant.
Dieux cruels, s'il en est, eclairez mon courage.
Faut il veillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter, ou finir mon malheur et mon sort?
Qui suis je? Qui m'arrete? Et qu'est ce que la mort?
C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique azile
Aprés de long transports, c'est un sommeil tranquile.
On s'endort, et tout mort, mais un affreux reveil
Doit succeder peutetre aux douceurs de sommeil!
On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie
De tourmens eternels est aussitot suivie
O mort! moment fatal! affreuse eternité!
Tout cour a ton seul nom se glace epouvanté.
Eh! qui pourroit sans toi supporter cette vie
*De nos pretres menteurs benir l'hypocrisie;*
D'une indigne maitresse enoncer les erreurs.
Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs;
Et montrer les langueurs de son ame abattue
A des amis ingrats qui detournant la vue?
La mort seroit trop douce en ces extremites,
Mais le scrupule parle, et nous crie, Arreter,
Il defend a nos mains cet heureux homicide
*Et d'un Heros guerrier fait un Chretien timide, &c.*

Pause, we must make a choice, and instant pass
From life to death, from being into nothing
Ye cruel gods, if so, inflame my courage,
Must I grow old bent 'neath the hand that wrongs me,
Support, or end my misery and my lot?
Who am I? what arrests me? what is death?
It is my misery's close, my only shelter...
After long tumults, 't is a tranquil sleep.
We sleep....all dies....but dreadful recollection
To such a pleasing sleep perhaps ensues.
They threaten us; they say that this short life
Is instant followed by eternal torments.
Death....our last moments... dread eternity!
At thy sole name, all hearts congeal with horror.
Who, but for thee, would undergo this life....
*Bless the hypocrisy of lying priests;*
Enshrine the failings of a worthless mistress:
Crouch to a minister; adore his pride;
And show the weakness of a soul depress'd
To thankless friends who turn away their eyes.
Death were too sweet in such extremity:
But doubt speaks out, and calls on us to pause,
Forbids our hands this happy suicide,
*And turns a hero to a timid christian, &c.*

This version is qualified by the following words....."Don't imagine that I have translated Shakespeare in a servile manner: Woe to the writer who gives a literal translation, and thus enervates the sense, and extinguishes all its fire. On such an occasion we may justly affirm, *that the letter kills, but the spirit quickens.*"

An English reader would rather reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the perversion of mind, which, like a diseased habit of body, can turn

the most innocent and wholesome food into poison, to increase the malady with which it is already devoured.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

WILL any of your poetical Correspondents oblige the public by an adequate translation of the following beautiful lines, addressed from Dr. Pitcairn to Lord Dundee.

Yours, &c.

SCOTUS.

Te moriente, novas accepit Scotia leges,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, deos.
Illa tibi superesse nequit, nec tu potes illa :
Ergo, Caledonia, nomen inane, vale.
Tuque vale, gentis quondam fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Græme, vale.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A History of the Penal Laws, against the Irish Catholics, from the Treaty of Limerick to the Union. By Henry Parnell, Esq. M.P.* 8vo. *p.p.* 258. *Fitzpatrick, Dublin,* 1808. 5s. 5d.

IT is pleasing, in every point of view, political, moral, or religious, to observe the zeal and ability displayed, for several years past, by *Protestants* of literary talents, in supporting the claims of their Catholic Countrymen. There is an age of chivalry, a gallant and generous spirit of adventure, which is founded on the best principles of human nature, and which, we fondly hope, will never pass away, as long as the many suffer oppression, and the liberal few feel for the injustice. Hercules, the most celebrated knight-errant of antiquity had to roam over the globe for atchievements, adequate to his strength, and worthy of his humanity. In later and not less barbarous times, it was the high and virtuous fashion of the day, to wander forth in quest of adventures, to rescue victims of oppression from giants of injustice, and to supply the defects of law and order by the valorous feats of individuals; but even at an era deemed so civilized as the present, there is a plentiful field for such generous, and gallant ambition, without going far from home. We rejoice to see our young Protestant authors, entering the lists of literary adventure, and breaking their first lances, in the Catholic cause, thus contributing, as far as lies in their power, to make a corrupt age heroic.

There might be a book made of the barbarism of civilized society. Generated, indeed, the most of them have been, amidst the gloom of superstition, and at periods of the grossest ignorance; but they have a venomous vitality. They come forth, from time to time, in the most cultivated periods, like adders in the bright day, crossing our path, and startling even the philosopher. No vocation can be more glorious in intention and useful in effect, than to hunt out of society those noxious prejudices, that lurk and burrow in that mass of credulity and ignorance, which still disgraces our more smooth and polished times. To cleanse thoroughly the page of history from unfounded calumnies; and flagrant partialities, is an Herculean labour, that does not disgrace authors of the first reputation.

Historians are themselves so deeply stained with the passions and prejudices of their own stories, that, too often, they do little more than engrave more deeply in the minds of successive generations the errors and faults of their forefathers, not to avoid, but to imitate them. Thus it happens, that after the lapse of centuries, the greater part of the English nation (a nation where information is but partially distributed) when they deign to consider the Catholic question, do obstinately continue to view it, solely,

through the medium of party history, which at best exhibits a frightful resemblance of the truth. They will not allow any effect from the progress of time, or the change of circumstances, from the collision of social intercourse, or from the goodness of human nature triumphing over the excluding doginas of superstition, and the proscriptions of party. As little will they look to the pressing exigencies of the present season, and the equal urgency of the future. How often have we wished that time had been suffered to cast the bulk of our worthless and wicked history into the cave of oblivion, furnishing, as it has done, and is still likely to do, so many pretexts for bigotry and intolerance, in opposition to the religion of Christianity, and the soundest principles of political economy. And, when we take up, even such *retrospective* views as the present, we do it with reluctance, and a sort of mental shudder, from an apprehension, that however well qualified the author may suppose himself to extinguish animosities, and conciliate parties, he will himself soon adopt the embittered language which he reprobates, and revolt the feelings of one party, while he courts the sympathy and applause of another.

It is not meant that the present publication originates from motives merely of a party or a personal nature, from any sordid views of eventual self-interest, by becoming the champion of the Catholics, in order to serve the purposes of opposition in parliament. The truth is, we degrade the intrinsic worth, the glory, the pre-eminence of this high question, when we bring it down to the petty purposes of this or that ministry, of this or that opposition; and if the Catholics be as sensible of the magnitude of their question as we are, they will not so anxiously knock at the doors of a Grenville, a Grattan, or a Sheridan, to know whether, at what times, and through what hands their petition is to be presented; for the greater such men are, the more they *must be* guided by what are called parliamentary motives, and the purposes of the day. They are incapable of giving advice upon the question. Let the Catholics knock at their own breasts, and take such advice as their own hearts can best afford them.

The present pamphlet evidently proceeds from a generous sympathy operating on the glowing temperament of youth, such as might be expected in the son of Sir John Parnell, the early companion and friend of the all-accomplished Sir William Jones. Yet certainly there appears often an asperity of language and a vehemence of invective in this history, as it is called, probably caught from standing a short time on the tripod of Edmund Burke. It will tend more to irritate the Protestant than do service to the Catholic. We have been, and continue to be, the hearty friends of their claims; but we will not, with this author, in sweeping and exceptionless clauses, ascribe their political disabilities "to *the base and perfidious means adopted by a wicked legislature*, to influence men's consciences by corrupt motives, and tempt and bribe them to apostacy." It has been by such a flow of ferocious diction, the offspring of distempered fancy, rather than of a lucid and orderly understanding, that parties have been kept disparted, and that men of letters, have, in these strange times, rather instigated to desperate hostility, and blown the trumpet to battle, than contributed to peace on earth, and good-will among mankind. It has been from the flaming brand of Edmund Burke, employed to set on fire the four quarters of the globe, that the political pamphleteers of these times, have lighted up their enthusiasm. Impartial posterity will judge this distinguished literary adventurer; and although now almost sainted in the calendar, the time will come, when he will appear in the light of another Peter the Hermit, preaching from the press, a crusade of things, and resembling his prototype in other particulars, best illustrated by the calamities of the present times, and the prospects of the future. Complete master of an abusive and vituperative rhetoric, he has influenced the stile and manner of minor authors; and on whatever subject they write, whether it be a discourse on

the atonement, a poem on the penance of Hugo, or a new edition of the art of cookery, there must always be found room for some splendid Burkisms of stile and sentiment to scare the quiet reader, either in the body, or preface, or postscript of the publication.

We will not be frightened by Mr. Parnell's use or abuse of such epithets as "perfidious," "mockery of good faith," "ferocious arts," "restless tormentors," &c. &c. from asserting, that there can be found much more excuse for the first promulgation of the penal laws, than for making them as it were perpetual, long after their causes and motives had ceased to exist. Our ancestors were compelled to the code of conquest; and the circumstances of the times, did, in great part, apologize for, if they could not vindicate the first enactment of these martial laws. It is not by dealing out abusive epithets, and pouring maledictions over the graves of our forefathers, that we serve the truth and the right. It is more than probable, that had this ardent young disciple of Burke, sat in the parliament of that day, he would have been with the foremost, in voice, heart, and hand, to defeat the union of foreign and domestic foes, and to watch over the cradle of the Protestant religion. What we deplore, is, not the hard necessity, the *ultima ratio* which armed the laws, and maintained by its sinew, and its zeal, the renovation of the Constitution, and the reformation of Christianity, but it is the blind perverseness and bigotry of *modern times*, that persists in fearing where no fear is, or what is worse, that *counterfeits fear* in order, at every hazard, to keep the possession and monopoly of political power.

It would be much more candid for a good Protestant, as we take Mr. Parnell to be, and less like a party pamphleteer, to place himself in the critical situation of the Protestants, at those truly perilous times; a translation of fancy and feeling, which, from hereditary, perhaps personal attachments, Mr. Burke was not capable of making. Indeed it is surprising that the very first paragraph of his own performance did not oftener stare Mr. Parnell in the face, or revive in his recollection, as it seems to carry a complete refutation of a great part of his pamphlet. We will transcribe it:

"When James abdicated the throne of England, he retired to France, to solicit the aid of Louis XIV. to enable him to secure the possession of Ireland, where he was still acknowledged as the lawful sovereign. On the 12th of March 1689, James landed at Kinsale with about 1,200 of his own subjects in the pay of France, and 100 French officers. He was received with open arms, and the whole country seemed to be devoted to him, for although the Protestants in the North had declared for the new government, their strength and number were inconsiderable, when compared with the forces of the Lord Deputy Tyrconnel. This minister *had disarmed all the other Protestants in one day*, and assembled an army of 30,000 foot, and 8000 cavalry. Addresses were poured in upon James from all quarters. The Established Clergy, among the rest, congratulated him upon his arrival, a certain sign that his chance of success was not contemptible."

In such a fearful issue of affairs, with such inferiority of numbers, divided and dispersed, the glorious revolution as yet doubtful and undecided; the liberties both civil and religious, not merely of England, but of all Europe, depending upon the advance-guard of Protestants *in this island*; to what, under God, did we owe our deliverance from the fangs of a ferocious and vindictive tyrant, or how would Mr. Parnell have then conducted himself, when he tells us, that the Lord Deputy Tyrconnel, had disarmed "all the other Protestants in one day?" What does Mr. Parnell think would have been the spirit and practice of the penal code *against* the Protestants, of which this was the precursor and specimen? The liberties of Europe both civil and religious were fought for and conquered at the battles of Boyne and Aughrim, and by the spirit and armed right hands of conquerors, were they, alone, to be maintained. It was, at

such a time, subdue, or be destroyed, disarm of all power or be yourselves exterminated. Fortify yourselves in your post, and completely overpower the inhabitants, or the reformation will be uprooted and Ireland will become an easy stepping-stool for a furious and vindictive bigot to mount again the British throne. It was for the best interests of humanity, of religion, and of liberty, that the Catholics should be subjugated.... and they were subdued. If the Irish Catholics must be considered by the treaty of Limerick "as placed by *it at that time* in a situation of complete equality with their Protestant countrymen," all that can be said is, that knavery must have drawn up the articles, and folly or treason must have ratified them. The truth is, there was at this period an internecine war between the religious parties; acts of attainder were passed, and acts of settlement repealed, as each of them got the upper hand, and without dwelling on the terms of this treaty which were certainly ambiguous, or its local limitations, the "*dura necessitas rerum et novitas regni,*" no doubt made an interpretation most pleasing to the victorious party. Our Protestant ancestors were certainly actuated by the spirit of conquest, and surrounded and enveloped as they were, with a mass, whose principles were, at these times, still more hostile and persecuting, it is hard to say what other course could have been adopted, unless they had quietly merged into that mass, and melted down their honour, their allegiance, and their religion. The penal laws fenced the Protestant in his faith, and the colonist in his conquest. Nor was it possible to soften their rigour, or to stop their course, during the unsettled state of political affairs, during the uncertainty of a new succession to the throne, the occurrence of two rebellions, the monstrous ambition of Louis XIV. and the ever-plotting pretensions of internal and external enemies. The effects of the penal laws were calamitous in many respects, but these laws balanced the numerical disproportion of the Protestants; they humiliated the Catholics to an incapacity of exerting their physical strength in favour of the exiled family, and when the terrors of the times had completely passed away, then the hostile spirit of the politico-religious parties became less stimulated by rival governments, and human nature had power and opportunity to display itself. Human nature, that amidst the deadly malice of party and personal ambition, in spite of the rancour of religious sects, rises in its loveliness, and, as with the combatants at Pharsalia prompts to cast away the javelin, and rush into the embrace of countryman and brother.

.....Videre parentes,
Frontibus adversis, fraternaque cominus arma,
Nec libuit mutare locum: tamen omnia torpor
Pectora constrinxit: gelidusque in viscera sanguis
Perpulsa pietate coit: totæque cohortes
Pila parata diu tensis tenuere lacertis.

Such *retrospective* views as the present are not perhaps the means best calculated to assimilate parties, into *one* people. It is not by the painful, reiterated, and declamatory recitation of the various penal laws, which hard necessity imposed, and which, like an useless and decayed paling, once a protection, but now an incumbrance, have been pulled up and cast into the flames; it is not, we say, by stringing some diurnal documents of past events, by stitching together a few pages of the incoherent Curry, or detaching a few splinters from the ponderous Plowden, that any one will entitle himself even to a smile from the Muse of History, unless it be when she reads the title-page of this performance. We are more inclined to look *forward* than with the suspicious, timid, and *reverted* eyes of the hare, and to indulge in a hopeful confidence of the future. We like to rise from our humble retreat, like the lark, eager to invest herself in the first rays of the sun, while the rest of the world is involved in darkness, and the shadow of death. This may be called the

flight of poetry, but it is referable, as we think, to a sound political philosophy.

There have some happy effects occurred from the revolutionary calamities of the times. These great events have had a powerful sway over the human mind, not merely agitating the feelings, but in all classes and descriptions of society, *lessoning the intellect*. Europe has of late been a great school, in which the most knowing of the upper ranks have acquired information. It is among the upper classes, most particularly, that a change and improved knowledge has taken place with respect to the true nature and constitution of civilized society, the *mutual* relationship and reciprocal dependence of every class of the community. In consequence of this advancement of the public understanding, a greater degree of *fellow-feeling* has been diffused through society, in part, no doubt, owing to that sense of common danger which draws the interests, and with them the affections more closely together; but still, in greater part to be ascribed, as we are willing to believe, to a gradual revolution which has been of late silently and secretly taking place, among the proprietors of political power. A new growth of sentiment and behaviour, of principles and practice, has sprung up in that class, as a consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the times, and vegetates, as it were, on the lava of the French revolution.

We could illustrate this, in many particulars, but the progress of the Catholics in their claims, supplies a prominent instance. The panic of the day drove the ruling power into the Penal Laws. The panic of the day has driven the same power to repeal them. Mr. Pitt was probably an *early* convert to the Catholic claims; because, he must, *early*, have seen the necessity of consolidating all the physical strength of these kingdoms, against that power which was the grand object of his fears, and which he hated with the inveterate enmity of a true Englishman. Mr. Fox was too great a philanthropist, to be a very good, or a very popular Englishman. He was the representative of MAN. Had the human race been assembled in a vast plain, to choose a single delegate for the common-weal of human kind, Charles Fox would have been chosen by the universal acclamation of every nation, with *one* exception. Mr. Pitt studied the character of his country, and identified himself with its pride, and its partialities, above all, with its natural enmity against France. Charles Fox was a friend to the Catholics, from the comprehension of his understanding, and the benevolence of his heart. William Pitt became their friend from his fears, and even this true *English* politician, became, a second time, in his life, impressed with the necessity of awakening the energies of the *whole* people; not so much the expediency, not so much the justice, but the *necessity* of kindling those sparks of truth, happiness and freedom, which impartial heaven has scattered on the ground of the human character, in all religious professions, and in every condition of life.

It is good for governments to be put upon their resources. The American Revolution, in the first instance, as Mr. Parnell has observed, but the French revolution more impressively, has had this effect. The first of all resources, but too often the last recurred to, is, what in periods of extreme danger, can be found, and found only in the hearts and hands of an united population, sensible of the value of their rights, and willing to die in defending them. It will, in our minds, be no small compensation for the calamities of the times, if they have, indirectly, contributed to re-instate our long suffering countrymen, in the full enjoyment of the constitution, no longer the prerogative of a party, but the common right of every member of the British Empire. The Catholics will then, no doubt, discharge their great debt of gratitude to those Protestants who have exerted themselves in their cause, and, in particular, will acknowledge their obligations to Mr. H. Parnell.

X.

*Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field, by Walter Scott, esq. 8vo. p.p. 377; second edition; Edinburgh, Constable; London, Miller, &c. 1808, price 12s. boards.*

FEW modern poems have given rise to greater variety of opinion than this second production of the celebrated Scottish Poet. Its beauties and defects are so balanced and blended, that unlimited praise or condemnation would be equally unjust. The mind, elevated and rising above itself at the perusal of some passages, soars into the sublimer regions of fancy, when its flight is suddenly repressed by others directly contrary; and again is as unexpectedly raised to a greater degree of elevation by some sudden burst of genius more bold and animating than the first.

This unevenness of character which pervades the whole poem, whether considered in its general plan, or in detached portions, must be attributed in part to the nature of the subject, but is partly owing to the fault of the writer. Of all the various kinds of poetry, metrical romance admits of the greatest latitude. Epic, dramatic, didactic, and descriptive poetry have determined limits, from which they must not deviate; but that of which we now speak is solely referable to none of these, and therefore at first sight may appear to be bounded only by the extent and powers of the writer's imagination. But this is not the case. Custom, indeed, has given it a wide scope: it has been hitherto looked upon as an inferior department, and therefore not so strictly subjected to the rules of criticism. But when a writer appears endued with powers sufficient to elevate it above its former rank, and thus to fix a new era in the history of poetry, he gives the tone to all his successors, and determines the rules which are to guide them in their compositions. That this is the case may be inferred from what has taken place in those species which are now regulated by certain fixed unalterable maxims. Homer, Theocritus, and Horace who perfected the several departments of poetry to which they applied themselves, are the models to all succeeding poets, whether epic, pastoral, or satyric; and are also the sources whence critics have derived their rules. So far does this respect to their authority extend, that their defects are not only often uncensured, but frequently admired; what in others would be called blemishes, in them are beauties. Enchanted with their excellencies, we first overlook, and at length admire their faults. Hence it follows that when any author enters into a new field, or so improves the old that it becomes in some measure new, he should be doubly attentive to give it the highest degree of improvement; not only on account of his own reputation, but because imitators, unable to attain his excellence, will ape his failings, and the original will thus in some manner be answerable for all the mutilated embryos which it has indirectly brought into being.

It is not however to be inferred from what has been just said, that legendary poetry is wholly unrestrained. Though not bound by strict rules, it must not be concluded that it is not subject to some. It partakes of the epic in an inferior degree, as also of the descriptive and didactic. In whatever parts, therefore, it coincides with each of these, it is in some measure to be regulated by their rules. The unities of time, place, and action, as also the introduction of episodes and machinery, and the selection and delineation of characters are here to be observed as in the epic. From this, however, the latitude of description allowed in romance allows it frequently to deviate, but here the rules of description take effect. The prefaces to each canto are of the didactic kind. It may indeed be proper matter of question whether these are admissible, or ought not rather to be considered as excrescences sufferable only in infancy, but to be pruned away when maturer judgment corrects the fervour of imagination. That this should be so we may argue from analogy. Tom Jones, one of the first legitimate English novels, and perhaps still the best, was ushered into the world with these appendages. But

they were soon dropped, as most probably will our prefaces also, and from the same cause. The composition of these is attended with greater difficulty than the rest. In the narration, the variety and succession of incidents are of themselves sufficient to keep the attention alive; often, indeed, they please even when devoid of ornament. But here the writer must depend solely on his own resources: he has no external aid to relieve the weakness of his own powers. This part therefore, if not excellent, must be tedious.

But if prefaces are to be considered as necessary to a poem of this nature, they ought certainly to be linked to it in some manner. Though they do not form a part of it, they ought to bear some relation to the subject. They should be modelled on the plan of the lyrical chorus to the ancient tragedy, which was introduced to mark the pauses between the different parts of the drama, yet while it served to relieve the spectator, it still kept his attention directed to the plot. But Mr. Scott's prefaces, can be compared to nothing but the songs or dances introduced *ad libitum* between the acts of a modern play, which only serve to display the voice of the singer or the agility of the dancer.

Before we proceed to the examination of this poem in detail, we must further remark, that Mr. Scott is so circumstanced as to appear under an inevitable, and, in our opinion, a very unjust prejudice. Having no former standard to which we can refer, we can only judge of him by himself, comparing his present with his former essay, and deciding by comparison. Such a decision must unavoidably be unfavourable to the latter. Attracted by the novelty of the Lay of the last Minstrel, our imaginations were taken by surprise, and captivated before they could be on their guard. For the succeeding attempt we are prepared: we may be pleased and gratified, but not dazzled; we are no longer blinded by its faults; we are at liberty to decide coolly: such a state of mind, with the bulk of readers, who in general judge from first impressions, must be unfavourable. Besides, as the human understanding is in a perpetual progress, it requires that what is intended to please it, must proceed with equal pace. The adage, *non progredi est regredi*, is no where so strongly exemplified as in works of fancy, in which if the last born be not superior, it must be inferior. We leave to speculators on the anatomy of the human mind to develope the causes of this, it is enough for us to state a well known effect, and to apply it to the present case.

The conclusion we would draw from it is this. Marmion has not obtained that sudden celebrity with which the Lay of the last Minstrel was hailed. This we attribute to the two preceding reasons, the want of novelty, and of that striking superiority of merit, which would raise it above competition with its elder brother. But we will venture to say that were the Lay of the last Minstrel and Marmion to exchange places, the latter would have gained all the applause which has been bestowed on the former; and on the contrary, the former would not have obtained an equal degree of admiration as the latter has at present. To those who have read both we leave to determine the justice of this observation.

We shall now proceed to examine the poem before us by itself, and on its own merits, in hopes, that what has been premised will not be useless in guiding the reader's judgment: pointing out what we conceive to be particular beauties, and marking the errors as they occur.

In the choice of a fable, Mr. Scott seems to have followed that rule, by which, according to some modern critics, the great masters of heroic poetry were guided. According to them, these writers wishing to exemplify some line of conduct, as the bad effects of discord, or the blessings attending piety, fixed upon an historical occurrence, by means of which it might be illustrated; not deducing the moral from the narrative, but applying the narrative to the moral. In like manner, Mr. Scott, desirous of displaying the manners and customs of the Borderers in the feudal times, has pitched upon an

historical event, in the relation of which, his knowledge of these subjects might be unfolded. He is more intent on the introduction of circumstances in which he can display his peculiar talents, than on the general arrangement of the whole. Hence arises obscurity in the narrative, and an inartificial method of connecting the several incidents.

The subject chosen as the foundation of this romantic tale, is the celebrated Battle of Flodden Field, in which James IV. of Scotland, and all the flower of the Scotch nobility fell. This era, though confessedly well chosen for a poet, does not, in our opinion, reflect much credit on Mr. Scott as a patriot. To choose as his subject the disastrous battle, which, by depriving the Scotch of the means, or even the hope of ever again maintaining themselves against their powerful adversary, decided the well-disputed, though unequal struggle that had so long subsisted between the two nations, is very inconsistent with that *amor patriæ*, that zeal for the honour of his country, which glows so vehement in the breast of every Scotchman. On contemplating it in this view, we feel somewhat of the same sensation as if we were told that an Irishman had chosen for the ground-work of an epic poem, the landing of Strongbow, or the surrender of Limerick.

Marmion, the hero of the poem, is entirely a creature of the author's imagination. He is introduced as being sent ambassador from the English to the Scottish court, to inquire into the cause of the extraordinary military preparations making by the latter. The poem commences with his arrival at the castle of Norham, a frontier town of England, where he stops, and applies to the governor for a guide. The view of the castle, as he approaches, is beautiful. It is in description that our poet principally excels; though his love for it sometimes leads him into prolixity. Of this we shall be necessitated to produce some instances, but the present passage is not one of them.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.
St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray,
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The ev'ning gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd:
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his foot-steps to a march,
The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border gathering song.

The first appearance of Marmion is in the same style.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth-field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square turn'd joints and strength of limb
Show'd him no carpet-knight *so trim*,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

The person here described is by no means that perfect character which some critics think essential to the hero of a romance. The military qualities shine conspicuous in him; but in the more peaceful virtues he is far from perfection. He had, according to the poet, seduced a nun named Constance from her convent, who for some time attended him as a page, but attracted by the fortune and personal charms of Clara De

Clare, a young lady of noble birth, he afterwards neglects her. This latter lady was attached to a knight named Ralph De Wilton, whose merits seem to have given him a much better claim than his rival to the first place in the poet's, as well as the lady's good opinion; but the opinions of poets and ladies sometimes differ from those of other people. Marmion devises a scheme to ruin his rival; and for this purpose employs his discarded mistress to convey forged letters of a treasonable nature among De Wilton's papers, and arraigns him before the king on the credit of these. The accusation is decided by single combat. Marmion is victorious: De Wilton degraded and forced to quit the kingdom.

In this state of exile, he passes his time in travelling as a pilgrim through different parts of Europe. It afterwards appears that Constance had lent her assistance in this plot, merely to gain an ascendancy over her inconstant lover, by being mistress of a secret which affected his honour and his life. She now repents of its success, and engages with a monk to poison Clara; in this she is disappointed; and Marmion disgusted with her treachery, and no longer attracted by her charms, rids himself of her by delivering her up to the superiors of the convent from which she had eloped.

These circumstances, which occurred before the time when the action commences, are introduced by way of episode in different parts, but are here summed up, for the better perceiving the chain of the narrative.

We now return to Norham castle. After a long description of our knight's attendants, not forgetting even their "hosen black, and jerkins blue," the ceremonies of his reception, the feasting, in which Homer himself is out-done, and other points of equal moment, Marmion asks for a guide to the Scotch court. Many are proposed and rejected. And here are thrown out several sportive sallies against the manners of the clergy of that age. At length a palmer is recommended as the fittest person for the office, who proves to be De Wilton, but so disguised as to be unknown even to his former enemy. His appearance, as being a principal actor, is particularly noticed. After enumerating the different articles of his dress, in a manner which leaves nothing to be supplied by the reader's imagination, the poet thus pourtrays his person.

Where, as the palmer *came in hall*,
No lord, or knight was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or look'd more high or keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been:
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil,
His cheek was sunk, *alas the while!*
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd haggard wild.

With this conductor Marmion leaves the castle, and, after a recital of the ceremonies attending his departure, particularized in a manner that would have done honour to Scudery himself, the canto closes.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*A Short and Easy Method with the Deists, wherein the certainty of the Christian Religion is demonstrated, by infallible proof, from four Rules, which are incompatible to any imposture that ever has been, or that can possibly be; in a letter to a friend. By the Rev. Charles Leslie, 8vo. p.p. 44. Reprinted by D. Anderson, Belfast,* 1808.

THE reprinting of works of merit must afford great pleasure to every true friend of learning, and should always be encouraged. We are happy in finding that the author whose compositions once gratified us, is again introduced to our notice. It is like meeting an old friend with a new face. We renew our enjoyment by the perusal of pages, which ensure the certainty of improvement. Like the revisiting of scenes in which we once delighted, we feel the double pleasure of reviving the recollections of the past, and enjoying in others the repetition of that admiration which we ourselves once experienced when the view first presented itself to our

eye gilded with all the charms of novelty.

The short treatise before us is the production of a once celebrated divine; and of itself would tend, as far as so short an essay could, to prove the merit of the writer. It is a concise and clear argument in favour of the truth of Christianity, given, as is intimated, at the instance of a friend, who wished, without being led into a labyrinth of controversies, to have one single proof to oppose to the attacks of its adversaries. This the writer does in a masterly manner. He establishes the truth of the matters of fact relative to our Saviour, by four rules which can never unite in an imposture; and thence naturally deduces the truth of the doctrines. But though we think his method good, and his arguments strong, we are not inclined to think that this or any such treatise can answer the purpose for which it was written. "For though," to use his own words, "every truth is one, and therefore one reason for it, if it be the true reason must be sufficient, yet our sight is so feeble, that we cannot always come to it directly, but by many inferences, and laying of things together." These inferences and deductions are each a separate argument, to be handled by itself, which must inevitably lead the inquirer into that variety of discussion which it was his wish to avoid by the discovery of one single proof.

To this one reason he subjoins some additional collateral proofs, and from them draws several conclusions, some of which we would be inclined to scrutinize, did not our plan prevent us from entering upon any thing which savours of controversy.

In a word, though this tract cannot supersede the necessity of larger treatises to those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the proofs of Christianity, it may serve as a useful guide to beginners to direct the train of their studies, and will give satisfaction to the minds of such as are not inclined to dive more deeply into this subject.

*The Twelve, a Poem, in three Cantos. Dublin, Printed by Thomas Burnside,* 1808. *p.p.* 55 *Price,* 2s. 6d.

THIS is a satirical poem on our Irish Judges. Three or four are praised, the others are in different degrees censured. Of the applicableness of the praise or the censure, we acknowledge ourselves, from our provincial situation, and our defective acquaintance with forensic pursuits, disqualified from judging. We take up the poem as a literary work, and, in this point of view, we venture to offer some remarks. We regret the present state of the printing art in Dublin; it is low indeed. They labour under some disadvantages, but they too readily sink under discouragements, and find an excuse for their want of exertion, in a complaint of the evils of the Union.

This whining complaint is heard every where in Dublin. Like the countryman whose cart stuck fast in the mud, and who complained of the badness of the roads, and vainly called on Hercules for help, they content themselves with declaiming against the Union, and neglect those habits of individual exertion, by which only their situation can be bettered. Let them print better....let them make the printing trade respectable....and energy, will always, to a certain degree, produce success.

We have something to say to the author: we believe he possesses talents, but he is deficient in simplicity, that amiable grace in writing. We would endeavour to form an excuse for him, on the supposition, that he probably is a youthful writer; but we are less confident in this supposition, because we have observed, with much pain, that it is a general failing, into which our Irish writers are too often apt to fall. They affect too much ornament, and are not sufficiently refined to adopt an easy perspicuous style. A profusion of ornament, and an attempt at finery, often mislead to substitute tinsel for the sterling gold. We wish not to offend, but in the beginning of our critical career, we are desirous to enter our protest against a false showy taste. The best English writers within the last forty years

especially, furnish us with many models of correct taste, which are recommended to the imitation of our Irish authors.

The preface to this little book is in a very turgid style, and obscurity appears to be the leading character of the work. We meet with such words as dispension, ignomes, tantaline; expressions, which an acquaintance with the English language does not justify. Great abilities are necessary to confer the privilege of coining words. If every writer were at liberty to use new-invented words, the English language would soon be reduced to an unintelligible jargon, and every author must add his own glossary to his book.

We notice the epithet, "vengeful," twice applied to justice; we do not like the term. Vengeance is not a godlike attribute, nor ought it to be admitted into a system of human jurisprudence. To punish for the purpose of producing reform, can be the only legitimate end of punishment; but a contrary sentiment has produced innumerable evils in legislation, and introduced a severity of punishment which has completely defeated its avowed purpose.

Our criminal laws are sanguinary in the letter, and lax in the execution. A principle of humanity arises in the breasts of judges, jurors, and prosecutors, which inclines them rather to let the offender escape, than inflict the punishment of death, a punishment disproportioned to the offence. That the judge should be counsel for the prisoner, can only be tolerated as a mitigation of inordinate severity. If punishments were proportioned to the offences, the judge should hold an even balance between the prisoner and the prosecutor. Certainty should take place of severity of punishment. On the trial of a woman, we once saw a judge act on the maxim of being counsel for the prisoner, and brow-beat the evidence for the prosecution. The woman was, notwithstanding, found guilty, and the prosecutor, who did not wish to have her hanged, petitioned to have the sentence changed to transportation, which was afterwards done; and to this, the judge consented, though he declared he had no doubt of her guilt; yet but a few minutes before, this same judge had been exerting himself to procure a verdict of acquittal. To prevent the commission of crimes, the criminal law should be mitigated. We most heartily wish success to Sir Samuel Romilly's beginnings in this good work, which he introduced into parliament last session, as the commencement of a general plan, in his bill to render private stealing from the person not a capital offence: and we earnestly desire, that no imbecile dread of innovation, the epidemical insanity of the present day, may prevent the success of a reform, which is called for, not only on the principles of philanthropy, but of sound policy.

We cannot avoid noticing several flagrant violations of measure and grammar.

"'Twas he who told each struggling to stay"....

"That thon with ruthless hand *inflicts* the blow."

"For *e'er* to wisdom's voice will ope the ear."

"As primer'd boys resort (*to*) their daily School."

"We scarce one *lin'ment* of thy mother trace.

To conclude, we think it somewhat strange, that in a city dignified by the only university in the kingdom, no person could be found to direct the printer as to the proper form of arranging a quotation from Juvenal in the title page.

K.

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*The Post Captain; or, the Wooden Walls well manned, comprehending a view of Naval society and manners; by the Author of "Edward;" a View of Society in France, &c. 3d edition, corrected. p.p. 232. 7s. London,* 1808.

TO notice this work may be thought superfluous; perhaps presumptuous. Supported by the name of the author, sanctioned by the approbation of the public, praise or censure is equally useless. Yet, if a book of bad tendency be thus supported and sanctioned, its effects are the more injurious. The cele-

brity of the author recommends, the force of imitation disseminates the principles. To counteract these is our duty; the greater, the more widely extended the malady; the stronger, the more speedy should be the antidote. What might awe us to silence, requires us to raise our voices higher; to impress the maxims of truth with greater force, as they will be more strongly resisted.

Dr. Moore has done much for his fellow-men; his pen has been a sword to prostrate vice, and exalt virtue to a more venerable title; why then debase the pure coin to which his character had given universal currency, with such alloy? His advocates may offer to this, his latest born, the continuance of applause justly bestowed on his former productions: his friends will regret that he had not closed his honourable career before he gave birth to this child of his dotage.

The contrast between the morality of this and the former writings of the same author is such, that we thought, as we wished, that it was unjustly offered to the public under a false name: but internal evidence contradicts such a supposition. The features bear too strong a similitude to doubt its legitimacy.

Dr. Moore's forte is character....excellent in single scenes....inferior in their connection...bold in his groups...feeble in their combination....Zeluco is an exception to this; of all his novels the best and least noticed. The Post-captain is an amphibious creature, half lands-man, half tar; or rather, an animal out of its proper element, a holiday-buck in trowsers, who rings the changes on a few sea-phrases learned by rote. The plot is a perfect tad-pole, all head and tail; perhaps a concatenation of heads and tails, like one of those reptiles, in which, when cut in several pieces, each enlivens into a kind of half existence, and becomes a creature of the same species. A captain appears on the quarter-deck of the Desdemona.... Brilliant by name....a combination of all the qualities which should adorn the hero of a British seventy-four....a superannuated merchant comes on board who hoped to renovate the decays of climate and age by inhaling a fresh supply of health from the lips of a young and buxom spouse....a young sailor is certainly preferable to an old merchant....Flora thought so....the captain pressed....an infringement on the decalogue, is, in the doctor's opinion, no breach of the articles of war ....both are willing for a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together"...The ship arrives in port....how unlucky.... the pair could only commit adultery in theory...The captain now recollects that he is in love with a lady on shore ....well thought on....observe, reader, fidelity is to be no part of a British sailor's character....alas! how fallen, how changed!....He flies to see her.... She is to be married to Lord Fiddlefaddle, a nobleman and a volunteer. Two respectable titles you will say.... but the doctor thinks otherwise....in his mind, the merit of a British sailor is not sufficient to support itself.... it must be built on the ruins of every other. The only characters which are not naval, are volunteer officers and clergymen....the former of these are all rendered as contemptible as the Doctor's wit, which is not small, can make them. Of the clergyman he gives nothing, except the name....but he takes care to tell us that it is Cringewell. Of an English volunteer, take the following specimen.

"Lord Fiddlefaddle....Our fatigues (on a review day) were without any hyperbole, not exceeded by Hannibal when he crossed the Alps. We marched and counter-marched at least a dozen miles....there was no intermission to our toil. Should the French ever have the temerity to invade us, they will find veterans to oppose." And we trust, notwithstanding this sneer, we sincerely trust they will; even in those volunteers who are here and in other places held up as objects of derision.

The Captain, in an indescribable hodge-podge of sublimity and sea-cant, which could not fail of having an irresistible effect on a well-educated young lady, prevails on her to elope. "But, reflect, Cassandra, thrice will the moon hide her head in the ocean before the day arrives (meaning thereby the wedding day) and on the preceding night, guided by its

friendly beams....*shove off your boat with me*....Oh! what a shove was there....but now worth this...and now worth nothing. And so ends the first tale.

Lieutenant Hurricane, a very good kind of a sailor, must get a wife. The old merchant dies, and he boards the widow. But, alas! he catches a tartar....she is jealous....her jealous fits are excellent, endowed with a full portion of the true *vis coomica*.... but she is cured, and the doctor gives us very broad hints how. And so ends the second tale.

The sameness of a sea life, for these two officers take their wives on board, is diverted by sundry dialogues, which had we not been better informed by the Doctor, so far from escaping the lips of British officers, and being relished by British matrons, we would have only looked for in the precincts of Broadstairs, Wapping, or Pembroke-street, Plymouth.

But there are two other officers to be provided for, a captain Tempest, intended for an Irishman; for he says, "by J.....s,".....very impudent and very stupid; he must have a wife; another lady sees him in the day and elopes with him at night, and so ends the third tale.

The gale blows strong to the port of matrimony. Lieutenant Echo also steers the same course. He comes and conquers. We had a different opinion of our countrywomen on the other side of the water....And so ends the fourth tale.

And now, reader, when all are married, you think the book is to be closed. Far from it....There is still a length of tail behind. They must visit their friends, and then comes a masquerade, where all the dresses of lords and ladies we never heard of before, are described in the language of a newspaper. Then comes a tour through the South of England, copied, as we should guess by the style, from some itinerary of watering places. Old Homer, in relating his travels, is said to have introduced his friends' names to do them honour, but as it appears he got very little thanks for the compliment. The Doctor, seems to have done the same, and perhaps with the same success.

An ill-arranged story is but a small fault. Ample amends are made by the many entertaining scenes interspersed through it; no sailor but will find himself at home, and think that he is acting over again the jests and quips, and frolics which once enlivened his hours on shipboard. We blame Dr. Moore, for not suffering the British sailor to rest on the broad basis of his own merits. We blame him also for giving in to the ungenerous prejudice against the marines. This may be allowable in a sailor, it may be necessary in a government whose policy is division; but it is insufferable in a writer who ought to be above the prejudices of a quarter-deck, or the cabals of a cabinet.

In one place the Captain says.... "Another bottle of wine here; You, Steward!....don't you see *this bottle is a marine*." Again, "The lady, Sir, is English; her husband, at least, said so....*He may tell that to the marines*:...the sailors will never believe him." This last is so good a joke that it is kept up through the whole book.

But, our principal charge is the indecency (which though veiled in sea-phrases, is not the less impressive, by requiring a little attention to catch the figurative meaning) the immorality and grossness which pervades a book professing to be a true picture of naval manners. The clergy cannot escape.

"Hurricane," says the Captain, "I am very glad you have brought the young lady aboard. *I hate to see a priest. A ship never gets safe to port that has a priest in her.* But a fine girl is a charming acquisition."

"She might tell the parson so, but I'll be d.....d if the sailors will believe it."

"A thousand parsons would jump mast high at a salary of 20*l.* a year, and be found in their rations."....

"Oh d.....n all parsons," says Tempest, "*I think it ominous to meet one.*"

Not even the Bible is safe.

"Let me stay on deck a little longer," said Cassandra, "the sea is so awful, it reminds me of a passage in the Bible. They that go down in ships, that do business in the great wa-

ters, see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

"Then you read the bible sometimes," said the captain.

"Yes, my dear," said Cassandra, "it always makes one cheerful."

"And do you believe about Jonas and the whale?" said the captain.... "That will only do for the marines."

To show that we do not wish to derogate from the real merits of this book, the following extract shows what the writer might have done.

"Be ever memorable the morning of January the first, 1801, which heaped fresh honours on the sons of Britannia! Oh! fleeting Time! scatter, if thou wilt, the rest of these pages to the winds of heaven; but let that be sacred which records the atchievements of Neptune's legitimate children!"

"At eight o'clock both ships crossed their top-gallant yards; and in somewhat more than half an hour, the boatswain on board the French frigate piped the hands aloft to weigh anchor, and her fore top-sail was loosened, as a signal for sailing."

"Captain Brilliant lost no time to do the same. His fore-topsail was in a moment cast loose from the yard; the capstern bars were manned, the cat-fall over-hauled down; and as a kind of challenge, the tompions were taken out of the main-deck guns."

"The French frigate had now weighed, and stood out of the bay, with her jack, ensign, and pendant flying; nor did an interval of a minute elapse before the anchor of the Desdemona was hove up the bow, and sail made on the ship."

"The men, fore and aft, were now at their quarters; and captain Brilliant, looking over the break of the quarter-deck, vociferated to them through his speaking-trumpet."

"Stand by, my boys!"

"All ready!" was the reply.

"Upon which our hero ran up alongside the French frigate; and calling to his people, "Fire away! they discharged their broadside, which was returned by the enemy before the sound was out of the Desdemona's guns."

"And on the quarter-deck of glory were to be seen the master anticipating the orders of the captain; the marine officer firing his division over the quarter; and lieutenant Hurricane calling to the men at the quarter-deck guns and carronades, "Keep yourselves cool, my lads! Mind the heave of the sea! Now, strike it into her!"

"At this period, the hammocks in the quarter-deck nettings of the Desdemona caught fire, from a wad of the enemy; upon which young Echo, of whom we have before spoken, jumped upon his gun, and lugging out his knife, cut them away overboard."

"At this juncture a crash was heard in the main-deck, which was followed by doleful groans."

"Jump, Mr. Echo," said the captain, "into the waist: the Frenchman's shot is playing at hell and turn-up jack there!"

"The midshipman soon returned."

"A shot, sir," said Mr. Echo, "has dismounted one of the midship guns, killed the third lieutenant, and wounded almost every man at the gun."

"What" cries lieutenant Hurricane, "has death dropped the peak of my messmate, poor Balcony!"

"Huzza! my sons!" cried captain Brilliant to the people at the main-deck guns. "Beauty! that's the fire!"

"The exhortations of captain Brilliant were interrupted by the carpenter. He came upon deck to acquaint the captain that the enemy's shot had taken such effect, that there were several feet water in the well; and that even if recourse were had to the pumps, it would be impracticable to keep the ship half an hour above water."

"Be it so! Mr. Chips," said the captain. "But hark you! say not a word about the matter. I will soon have a clear well."

"The two frigates were now so close along side of one another, that their yard-arms were mutually locked by their rigging."

"Hurricane!" cried captain Brilliant, "I will board the Frenchman in the smoke. Hark you, call the boarders. I will put myself at their head. In the mean time, be ready yourself to follow me with a fresh gang of volunteers."

"The boarders now assembled, to the amount of seventy; men equal to any heroic enterprize; men who would have gone through flames had their duty imposed on them the task. They were armed with cutlasses and pistols."

"Are you ready, my sons!" cried captain Brilliant."

"All ready, sir!" was the reply.

"Then follow me!" cried the hero.

"Captain Brilliant now boarded the enemy's ship followed by his men, who were all contending for the honour of fighting by his side."

"The French officers and sailors collected to oppose the assailants. But such was the discipline, such the intrepidity of the British tars, that resistance was of no avail. Brilliant, with his troop of boarders, made his way through a host of enemies. The first lieutenant followed in succession, with volunteers from the ship's company; and the Desdemona, like the fabled horse of Troy, poured out heroes from her womb!"

"The Frenchmen called for quarter. But before they had made the supplication, young Echo had got aft and hauled down their colours."

*O si sic omnia!* we should not then, as we have done, begin our task with unwillingness, or finish it with regret. But these and other merits have forced it on our notice. Were it all in the same vein as the censurable parts, we never should have drawn it from its obscurity. As it is, its real beauties will veil or recommend its improprieties. Many young persons will form their opinions of sea affairs from the picture here drawn. Many young sea-officers will model their character by that of a Brilliant or an Echo. They will think that the vices here decked in such dazzling colours are essential to their shining in their profession. We wish to guard them against an example so dangerous. If imitated, degrading to the British navy; and ensuring to the ill-judging imitator, a certain exclusion from that society which alone can give polish to the manners, add gallantry to the courage, and bestow a pleasing and virtuous recompense on the labours of the true-born British sailor.

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## MONTHLY RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE view of political affairs, is at this moment of extraordinary interest. The close of the year promises what was little expected at its commencement, and the contending parties in Europe seem to apply to the contest for power, with renovated vigour. The coming cri-

sis will be awful to a great degree; some persons sanguinely anticipate the overthrow of the Bonaparte dynasty: others conceive that the genius, the resources, the military skill of the French Emperor, will extricate, and render him triumphant: many are confounded by the conflict of new and surprising circumstances: various parties, as usual, are influenced in their opinions, by merely interested motives; but on the whole, Europe is agitated more profoundly, than since the beginning of the French Revolution. A concise retrospect will lead us to a more minute, and detailed examination of her situation. The peace of Tilsit, and the seizure of the Danish fleet had placed the European nations in a novel position. The Continent, wearied with vain struggles against France, acquiesced apparently under her influence and dominion. The great remaining land power, in forming an alliance with her, turned her views to Turkey, and the East, and entirely estranged herself from England. That once most respectable maritime power, Denmark, was deprived of her naval force, on a plea, which never will be wanting, where temptation is strong; and was thus cast into the arms of France. Prussia was annihilated. The North of Germany depressed, as much as the South had been.

A war of duties and confiscations, vexatious to the commercial world at large, and unavailing as to the grand object, arose between Great Britain and France. The ports of Portugal were shut against her ancient ally; the House of Braganza shortly after emigrated to South America, leaving the whole peninsula at the discretion of Bonaparte. It was in this spot a new and interesting scene was about to present itself. The French government had indicated by its movements, that something mysterious was in agitation respecting Spain. It is probable that Bonaparte had discovered some proceedings in the Spanish court, which roused his suspicions, and conformably to modern doctrine, determined to anticipate the danger which threatened him from that quarter. He stationed himself at Bayonne; placed Murat at Madrid. He prevailed on the Royal family, by means certainly not persuasive, but yet very efficacious, to join him at Bayonne. They proceeded to France. A Junta was summoned; a new constitution submitted to them, and (Ferdinand having resigned his crown to Napoleon) Joseph Bonaparte was proposed and received as king. The warrior and statesman who had courted fortune with blood and steel, and had scarcely ever courted her in vain, seemed to have given Spain to one of his house, with much more ease than Louis XIV. had done a century before. But a spark of that sacred flame, which never is wholly extinguished in a nation, peeped forth in Spain, and the conqueror of nations and armies was forced to pause at the unwelcome phenomenon.

No generous mind can avoid admiring the high resolve of the Spaniards at this juncture.

"Why should we gifts to a proud tyrant send,
"Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend;
"This country's woes he glories to deride,
"And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.
"Then let him arm, when Jove, and he think fit,
"That, to his madness, or to heaven commit;
"What for ourselves we can, is always ours."

ILIAD, B. IX.

Yet in giving our admiration to the truly heroic conduct of a great part of the Spanish nation, it is impossible to suppress something of the anguish of unavailing regret, at the idea that this generous effort may be too late, and that if wise councils had directed England at the commencement of the coalition wars against France, she might, in the fulness of time, have intervened with majesty and effect. The original error was in imagining that the old governments not possessing, and not deserving the love, and consequently the energies of their subjects, could extinguish or reduce France. But had France proceeded with intemperate ambition, until the *people* of dif-

ferent states had felt indignant; and had England remained the sagacious observer of coming events, without instigating and subsidizing every hesitating or needy continental power, without attempting to impose the vexatious chains of maritime despotism, then would nations have had a legitimate object for contest; England would have been a mediator, or powerful and beloved ally, and France in yielding to just demands, would have maintained her dignity and independence. Leaving those preliminary and retrospective remarks, which the introduction of the branch relating to public affairs appeared to demand, the actual state of Europe recals us to present scenes, and to contemplation of the future.

Continental Europe, roused by a new internal war, sees the two great rival powers prepare to combat on Spanish ground: a short time ago, there seemed to be no point of contact for them in our division of the globe; and eternal war was threatened, from the apparent impracticability of the two leading nations deciding the fate of things by arms.

ENGLAND.

England, by a peculiar fatality, at present finds herself supporting those principles, which, in the early French war, she endeavoured to extinguish. The French and the Spanish revolutions (if the latter may be yet called one), are intrinsically of the same nature. To resist foreign aggression, and interference with internal government; to reform abuses; to marshal the people in defence of the country; to give them due share in the government; to maintain independent rank among other nations; are features common to both. The English ministry see with extorted admiration, the efforts of a people struggling for liberty; and are compelled to aid what the chief part of their great leader's career had been employed in endeavouring to destroy. In their home politics, however, their course is not so liberal; and the generosity of their conduct to Spain, is strongly contrasted by their penury of concession to Ireland. Preparations have been made, and expeditions fitted out with laudable promptitude, to succour the new ally of England; but it is obvious, that the Spaniards must look to preserving their character as a naval power, and that in future arrangements, the maritime pretensions of the former must be softened, or the ally be disgusted. How constantly does the deviation from justice bring its own inconvenience!

The debates of the last session of parliament have left no very favourable impression of parties, and incline impartial men to think that the more of fixed laws that can be established for a community, as fundamental regulations, the greater will be its prosperity. Party too often legislates hastily, and public good is postponed to indulging triumph over a political antagonist. England by the accidental effervescence of Spanish ardour, is brought forward in a most flattering point of view to the world: it is for her to profit by this good fortune, and retracing years of error, to vindicate the principles of freedom and justice.

FRANCE.

At this conjuncture, the overgrown power of France is, for the first time, seriously threatened. A renovated nation, as France was, with such a leader as Bonaparte, found no great difficulty in overthrowing the Continental nations of Europe; but popular energy, so destructive and so infectious, is more formidable to her, if ably directed; because it possesses a stimulus which she has lost, and can neither be corrupted, nor cajoled. But, though threatened, the empire of France is too widely and too firmly settled, to afford rational ground for expectation of its overthrow. In alliance with Russia; Austria feeble; Germany organized; Italy long in her hands; able to menace, in an alarming manner, the East; and maturely preparing her plans for Turkey. France may be baffled in Spain, and yet make the world tremble. Her navy is silently increasing, and her public debt very trifling.* Her armies are numerous, well dis-

* About sixty millions sterling.

ciplined, and well commanded; nor is her Governor likely to relax in any of the points for which he has been celebrated. It is also to be remarked, that France has not yet made any grand attempt against Spain.

TURKEY.

Turkey, having sent a minister to England, will presently find her peril increase. That ill-governed and bigoted people, taking the event of the day as the omen of fate, have now, perhaps, cast the die of their own. Russia, their hated neighbour, preserves the line of policy adopted since her peace with France, and having proclaimed restitution to Denmark, and adjustment of the maritime code, as bases for future pacification with England, she cannot with decency recede.

SPAIN.

The intelligence which daily arrives from Spain, encourages the hope of Spanish emancipation from a foreign yoke. The victory of General Castanos, the inability of the French to resist hitherto with any effect, the statement that the Juntas have agreed upon assembling the Cortes, are subjects highly gratifying. The extinction of that Assembly had caused much of the degradation and weakness of Spain. A Representative Assembly is the true theatre for public spirit to exhibit in. The annihilation of the former, damps the latter; and apathy succeeding, public virtue decays, and the nation grows feeble. The escape also of the Spanish troops in the north of Germany, by the aid of Admiral Keats, is a very striking proof of the extent and fervour of Spanish feeling; while, on the other hand, the activity and immense preparations of the French, portend no common struggle. The elevation of Murat to the throne of Naples; the uncertainty as to the situation of King Joseph, who does not appear to be leaving Spain, though he may have left Madrid; and the circumstance of Bonaparte making a circuitous tour to Paris, favour the supposition, that Spanish affairs are not, by any means, considered desperate at St. Cloud. The situation of Portugal is very interesting; and the approaching conflict betwee Sir Arthur Wellesley's and General Junot's armies, is of high importance to Spain. The fate of the Russian fleet, and of Spain itself, may be decided by its result.

Sweden seems in one of those incomprehensible situations which the petulant politics and character of her king would be likely to involve her in. The British army withdrawn; the King of Sweden displeased with the English Commander; the alliance continuing; the Baltic war going on without any late decisive turn; and Russia, apparently either unable, or unwilling, to overwhelm Sweden..... Such is the picture, which has ceased to interest from its obscurity, and also from the splendor of Spanish movements towards revolution.

The East presents no striking event, at present; but a new scene is opening. The alliance of Persia with France, and the reported arrival of French troops in that country, give cause for apprehension and reflection. The attempts at innovation, and proselytising in religious matters, are now as actively, as they are injudiciously carrying on, in Hindostan. Men, under the mask of spreading a pure religion, but secretly grasping at the exercise of influence and power, do not scruple to disturb the prejudices and peace of a prostrate people; but the experiment is dangerous; and the Indian devotee may speedily become an alienated subject.

North America holds the same tenour of conduct. The Embargo continues; and if she long pursues her present course, she will become more agricultural, and perhaps more improved in character, which her commercial avidity had rather contributed to tarnish.

In our future labours, more of narrative and less of remark will take place, in treating of public affairs.

The present sketch contains outline chiefly, and little of detail. The introductory ceremony being over, it will be our future desire to investigate facts along with our Readers; to narrate impartially; and yet, at all times, to speak with the boldness of truth, and consciousness of integrity.

IRELAND.

This country deserves the attention of the intelligent at large,

affording matter of great interest for political investigation: but to its inhabitants, it is of the utmost consequence also, to weigh and consider its complicated situation; for their happiness, and that of their posterity, is at stake. Religious discord must give way, or Ireland must remain uncivilized. Disorders in the south have been reprobated and punished. Agriculture is gaining ground. Statutes for anticipating crimes have been passed. General education however, goes on languidly, or not at all; and the vestige of public spirit would be lost, if in urging their just and sacred claims, the Roman Catholics did not preserve a vital spark, which may yet illumine bigotry itself. It is in vain to exclaim against the dangers of the Irish nation, participating mutually in the privileges of British subjects. It is not preventative codes, or unwise religious restriction, can make Ireland a source of strength. If her manacles are taken off, and she feels that the British constitution maketh its sun to act upon all with equal light and heat, she will become an ally of immense importance; if she is depressed, and experiences exclusion and coldness, no statesman can calculate upon future times, and the neglect of home concerns may eventually turn the scale of things in the world.

This subject in future numbers will occupy more space, and receive the examination it merits, without courting any party, or aiming at any thing but the greatest and nearest attainable good for this country. Its situation is delicate, but truth is wholesome; without its expression, the mind languishes, and debility and degradation ensue. It will be the honest pride of our work, to encourage the feeling of patriotism, and to assert its character. The pen, however, will drop from our hand, rather than be used to gratify faction, to irritate society, or to disturb the order of morality, and wise legislation.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

ARMAGH.

On the 24th of August, Major Campbell, of the 21st regiment, was executed at Armagh, for the murder of Captain Boyd, of the same regiment. This unfortunate catastrophe resulted from a dispute between these two officers relative to the mode of giving a word of command. A challenge ensued, that kind of appeal, so common in the court of honour; but so contrary to a sense of justice and humanity. Major Campbell, who had been heated by something of irritation in Captain Boyd's manner, but which, according to the evidence on the trial, might have been done away by candid explanation, appears to have *hurried* Capt. Boyd to the fatal meeting, in a small apartment, and without seconds. Captain Boyd was mortally wounded with the first shot, and expired in great torture, in about eighteen hours, leaving a disconsolate widow, and a large infant family. He did not acknowledge that the duel was a fair one. Upon being asked by Major Campbell, if every thing was fair, he answered, "*Campbell, you have hurried me....you are a bad man.... you know, I wanted to wait for friends.*" When his forgiveness was afterwards intreated, he stretched out his hand and said, "*I forgive you....I feel for you.... and I am sure you do for me.*" The defence of Major Campbell went only to Character, for humanity and proper behaviour; on these points he had most respectable testimony. The fatal verdict was pronounced, but the jury that condemned him, recommended him to mercy. His Majesty could not extend forgiveness, where the example was so pernicious to society, and so productive of evil in that service, where false honour so often supersedes a sense of true glory and magnanimity. Much, therefore, as we lament the situation of his most unfortunate wife and relatives; in a more extended view of the fate of Major Campbell, we cannot regret "that even-handed justice commended the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to his own lips."

Before the remarks on this unhappy business are closed, it seems necessary to advert to the Memorial of the Grand Jury of the County of Armagh...,in as

much as their opinion, being that of the grand inquest of the County, may carry considerable weight with it, in appearing to give countenance to the practice of duelling. They say the duel *was a fair one*. How far this account is correct, even according to the rules of duelling, after the evidence adduced, admits of much doubt: but is it not improper in a Grand Jury to say that because a duel was fair, the surviver should be pardoned? By such a declaration, countenance is given to this barbarous mode of terminating differences according to the rules of false and mistaken honour; and the Grand Jury of the County of Armagh add their sanction in its favour. It is to be regretted that they did not follow the wise and dignified conduct of Judge Mayne, who presided at the trial. Doubtless they were actuated by humane motives in endeavouring to save Major Campbell; but if they had viewed the subject in all its various bearings, as to the approbation of duelling, and the manner in which poor Captain Boyd was *hurried* out of life, without *respite*, they might well have paused, before they thus committed themselves, and suffered their compassion to an individual to bias their better judgment. The evil of duelling has arrived at such a height, that it is become the duty of all to discountenance it; and in an especial manner it is the duty of the Conductors of periodical publications, as censors of public morals, to stamp it with reprobation.

[We here quote the following address from the Petty Jury of the County of Armagh to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

*To his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Memorial of Richard Olpherts, esq. for himself and brother Jurors,*

Sheweth....That your memorialists composed the jury, before whom Major Alexander Campbell was, on the 5th of August instant, tried for the murder of Alexander Boyd, by a pistol shot, in a duel. That, from the charge of the learned judge who presided at the trial, that all duelling was illegal, your Memorialists thought themselves bound, in point of law, to find the said Alexander Campbell guilty, but at the same time recommended him to mercy; and your Memorialists now beg leave to recommend him most earnestly to your Grace as a proper object for his Majesty's most gracious pardon, and your Memorialists shall pray. Signed by RICHARD OLPHERTS,
And all the Petty Jury.

To accompany the above memorial, the Grand Jury of the County subscribed their names to the following memorial....

*To his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland:*

The humble memorial of the Grand Jury of the County of Armagh, assembled at Armagh, at the summer assizes, 1808, humbly beg leave to add to the representation of the petty jury, who tried Major Alexander Campbell, upon a charge of murder, our humble representation to the Crown on behalf of that gentleman.

The humane and unexceptionable character of Major Alexander Campbell, and his good conduct and demeanour while he has resided in this neighbourhood, and a firm persuasion that the duel in which captain Boyd fell by his hand, was a fair duel, emboldened us to hope, that this our recommendation of major Campbell, may be favourably received by your Grace, and his Majesty's most gracious pardon granted to him, and your Memorialists, as in duty bound, will pray.

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Since the foregoing Strictures on the Memorial of the Grand Jury of the County of Armagh were put to press, we have seen a letter from the Foreman, stating, that the assertion *of the duel being fair*, did not form a part of the original Memorial. We are pleased to see the disavowal from authority; so far it is well: and we leave it to the Grand Jury, to vindicate their honour, by tracing by what agency this *altered* copy of the Memorial found its way into the public prints, whence we extracted it. But it may still be allowed to express a wish, that the Grand Jury had paused before they had interfered in any shape, in such an affair. Compassion and justice sometimes hold different language; and if life is to be taken away in any case, little can be advanced in favour of the duellist.

MARRIED.

Mr. John Murphy, of Ballytober, Larne, to Miss Ferguson, near Broughshane.

Mr. James Hoy, to the agreeable Miss Allen, both of this town.

With special license, by the Rev. Mr. Bristow, Mr. William Martin, to Miss Margaret Beck, Box-lodge.

Mr. Wm. Murphy, Ann-street, to Miss Mary Anne Atkins, daughter of Mr. Michael Atkins, late manager of the Belfast Theatre.

Mr. William Bambrick, of Armagh

saddler, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Jackson, of same place.

Mr. James Crossen, muslin-manufacturer, to Miss Henderson, both of this town.

At Donaghadee, by the Rev. Dr. Hutcheson, Edward Hull, Esq. to Mrs. Swinburne.

Mr. Isaac Richardson, of Moy, to the agreeable Miss Arabella Stirling of Colecain.

William Beggs, Esq. Church-street, Dublin, to the amiable Miss M'Cleeve, daughter of Thos. M'Cleeve, Esq. Aughnagourgan, county Armagh.

Mr. Henry M'Clemond, near Clough, to the agreeable Miss Ross, near Larne.

Mr. James Johnston, stocking-manufacturer, Donaghadee, to Miss Ann Jane Atkins, daughter to Mr. James Atkins, Prince's-street, Belfast.

Mr. William Campbell, of Antrim, to Miss Mary Kirkpatrick, Tully.

DIED.

After a lingering illness, which she bore with a truly Christian resignation, Alice Alexander, wife to Edward Alexander, of Carrickmannon. She was an affectionate and instructive companion, a tender parent, a good neighbour, and a sincere Christian.

After a tedious illness, supported with fortitude, Mrs. M. Fallon, relict to the late Mr. F. Fallon, of Belfast—a pattern of domestic virtue, and an ornament to human nature. She possessed superior intellect and genuine integrity of conduct.

On the 15th November, at Kaire, in India, Lieut. Robert Pottinger, of the European Regiment; an event which has occasioned the deepest regret amongst all who had the happiness to be acquainted with this amiable young man. Also, on the 5th Dec. Lieut. Eld. C. Pottinger, of the same regiment, much lamented by his friends.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Although the coldness of the spring months greatly retarded the progress of vegetation, yet the seasonable showers in May brought forward the corn crops and grasses, so as to have as good an appearance as at any time for several years past; but the heavy and frequent rains that have fallen in part of this month and the preceding one, have laid down the luxuriant grain, and considerably injured its quality; whilst in many parts of the country much hay has been damaged by the overflowing of the rivers.

The wheat crops in several districts are much complained of for being mildewed, which always hurts its quality, and there will probably be a considerable deficiency in the produce of that valuable grain.

Oats and barley appear to be a tolerably good crop, and, as the fine weather set in seasonably, and has produced an earlier harvest than was expected, we hope the crops on an average will turn out well, and occasion a speedy reduction of the high price of provisions.

Potatoes have a promising appearance, and although the rains have run them more to tops than is generally thought favourable, yet they have greatly improved both in quantity and quality since the commencement of the fine weather, and will probably turn out an abundant crop.

Turnips have in many places a fine appearance, but in others have been destroyed by the fly, and afford no prospect of succeeding; in the strong retentive soils it was almost impossible to give them the culture they required, the ground was so drenched with wet. It is to be hoped the failure in a few instances will not discourage farmers from persevering in the culture of a crop which forms so essential a part of good husbandry, affords the best food for cattle in winter, and furnishes the most abundant supply of good manure.

The high price of flax-seed has considerably lessened the quantity sown this year, and as that particular distemper known by the name of firing made its appearance on the flax crops at an early period, it was necessary to pull it in a green state, and consequently very little, if any, seed will be saved this season, whilst the produce will be less than if the flax had attained a greater degree of ripeness.

These are circumstances extremely unfavourable to this country at this particular period, and threaten a scarcity for the succeeding year of the raw material of our staple manufacture, and if the Americans continue the embargo on their shipping for another season, our linen trade must be totally at a stand for want of seed to furnish a supply of flax....The possibility of so disastrous an event ought to excite the inhabitants of Ireland to render themselves less dependent on other countries, by allotting every year a certain portion of their flax

crop for seed....experience has proved that it can be done without injuring the quality of the flax in any considerable degree.

As the season has been favourable for grass there is reason to expect that cattle intended for beef will be in prime condition; the price of beef has already experienced a great reduction in the several markets.

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

In procuring materials for making out this Monthly Report, it is probable that difficulties will occur, from an unwillingness on the part of many Merchants and Traders to give the necessary information. Some are too busy, and hold literary undertakings in so low estimation, that they would count it mispent time to aid a work of this kind.....Others wish to hold their exclusive knowledge for their own advantage, and to profit by the comparative ignorance of others. Trade has its mysteries, which the initiated are desirous to turn to their own emolument ....While this disposition is deservedly censured, it is but justice to remark, that other professions have their secrets, and their attempts to monopolize knowledge. The chemist who conceals his discoveries, the botanist who refuses to tell the name of a plant, and the lawyer who wraps himself up in the phraseology of technical expressions, are equally acting on the narrow and selfish plan. Few have arrived at such pre-eminence over their fellows, that they do not suffer by not communicating with others....In most cases the knowledge communicated from their stores might be amply repaid by the resources drawn from their neighbour's stock. If it will be allowed to introduce the sentence of a poet into a portion of this work, dedicated to the purposes of trade, and by so doing attempt to naturalize it as a maxim of commerce, it may be justly remarked that "true self-love, and social are the same"—In the manner in which the linen trade is carried on in this country very little mystery or reserve exists.

Trade must necessarily suffer considerably from the new mode of warfare practised at present....Decrees of blockade, embargoes, and orders of council, are now the means of annoyance, which nations use against each other; it is happy for the world, that, owing to a kind and benevolent law of our nature, we are incapable often of doing as much injury to our neighbours, as our passions in the paroxysms of irritation would lead us to desire. Bonaparte probably expected to silence our looms and to render useless the other implements of manufacture by his prohibitory decrees; America hoped to distress us greatly by refusing us supplies of flaxseed, and cotton, those articles of prime importance in our manufactures, and the British orders of council were founded on equally vindictive and impotent principles—But there is an elasticity in commerce which enables it to adapt itself to present situation, and it is extremely probable that not any of the countries suffer as much real injury as the advocates for these hostile measures, are induced to hope may befal their antagonists. What a lesson of instruction to statesmen, as well as to the private citizen, to find that their boasted means of annoyance are not so powerful as they hoped!

Yet in some branches, trade must suffer. From the high price of timber, building is generally at a stand....The great advance of many articles used in our manufactures must increase their price to the consumer, and high prices operate against the speedy sale of manufactures—or at least prevent more being purchased, than immediate consumption demands.

The last linen market in Dublin, was a brisk one for coarse linens....The failure of a supply of coarse linen into England from the Continent of Europe, probably more than compensates for the temporary loss of the American market. A general idea prevailed throughout England, that linens had been bought in very cheap at the beginning of this year, and on this supposition commissions for buying might be more generally given before the last market....but similar ideas may not prevail at the ensuing one, and the demand may be already generally supplied.....After the market, as might be expected, brown linens, especially the coarse kinds, advanced considerably. Latterly a small fall has taken place....They, who remember the unsettled and disagreeable state of the linen trade after the high prices given in 1799, and from the effects of which it did not recover for several years, will dread a too rapid advance on brown linens. If Spain and Portugal succeed in establishing their governments independent of France, they and their American dependencies may probably occasion a considerable demand for fine linens.

It will be proper here to notice a discussion which has taken place this month, concerning the disuse of guineas as a medium of payment in the few places, and in the few articles of trade in which they are still employed—The Reporter does not pretend to neutrality on the subject, having already fixed his mind in favour of their disuse under the present circumstances of this country; yet in stating the matter, in the point of view in which he beholds it; principally, however, confining himself to facts, he conceives there is not a departure from impartiality. The pages of this work will be open to the discussion of this subject on both sides.

It is unnecessary to enter into the discussion of the point; which is preferable, gold or paper, as the circulating medium of a country. Few would not prefer the former, if it were attainable in sufficient quantity....but at present it remains not a matter of choice....Gold cannot be procured in sufficient quantities to allow the trade of this province to be exclusively carried on in it—The small quantity we possess, would afford us very little security, if a season of alarm should come on...Few are holders of gold to such an amount as would give them any real security in such a crisis—The question to be considered is, whether we shall continue the two mediums—bank notes, which are now become the chief medium of bargaining, or gold which partially prevails, and may now be considered as an exception to the general rule.—We have latterly been reduced to a system of money-broking, or dealing in money as an article of trade, and in this trafficking the knowing ones have a decided advantage over the less knowing. A linen-draper goes on the 'Change of Belfast, passes his bill for guineas, perhaps received by some merchant that morning out of the Discount-office—and before he leaves 'Change, he finds it necessary for the purpose of his trade, as all his coarser linens are bought in bank notes, to sell two-thirds of these guineas perhaps to some person who has to pay them into the discount office that very evening....Such often is the history for a day of a guinea! What security does the holder receive by his temporary possession?....If all transactions were paid in gold the premium on guineas would probably rise to eight, nine, or ten per cent.....as it did, before bank notes came into so general circulation....In England where guineas and bank notes are taken in payment without distinction there is no premium on gold.

That we may examine this matter more closely, let us fix our attention on one branch of our trade....and judge of the effects of simplifying our payments for linens .....Gold is the general currency for payment of linens in the markets of Belfast, Downpatrick, Ballymena, Coleraine, and the markets for seven-eighth-wides in the county of Antrim, and in Lisburn for fine linens, as well as for the coarser kinds bought for exportation in a brown state, while by a strange anomaly the lawns bought in that market have been paid for in bank notes for many years without any inconvenience being experienced from this practice, either by buyers or sellers....In the markets of the county of Derry, payment in silver is a general mode....In the counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, Cavan, and most of Down, bank notes form the uniform medium of payment.

From this diversified practice great difficulties arose in calculating the profits on linens bought with monies of different value....Lisburn and Banbridge are contiguous markets....in the former, gold, in the latter bank notes prevailed....and yet accurate judges assert that on the sorting table the linens bought in Banbridge fully held an equality with those bought in Lisburn, at the same prices, though the latter were purchased for gold, which bore a higher value by two to three and a half per cent....As a further corroboration, linens bought by jobbers in Banbridge for bank notes were sold on the succeeding day in Lisburn for gold at as high a rate, and frequently even higher....From these facts it is fair to draw the conclusion, that the procuring of gold was a heavy tax on such part of the linen trade as was carried on in it. Nor is there room for wonder that linens purchased for gold were not bought on lower terms....for the seller in almost every case did not gain what the purchaser lost. A few of the sellers had learned the trade of money-jobbing, and sold their guineas, but generally for much less than they cost the drapers....Others made little or no advantage of possessing guineas, but parted with them to shopkeepers and others, without a full, and frequently without any equivalent....If the manufacturer parted with his guineas for yarn, it only removed these circumstances one step farther back....To show how little gold is wanted by the weaver to pay his rent, if demanded in that form by his landlord, let us suppose a weaver, who has a piece of linen on an average once a week; estimating his piece at three guineas, he receives one hundred and fifty six guineas per annum, while the rent payable by a man in such a situation in

life, will probably not exceed twenty, or at most thirty guineas per annum....With what propriety can he require to receive one hundred and fifty six guineas procured at a great expense by the purchaser, to provide for an annual payment of twenty or thirty ?....Besides, if bank notes come into general circulation, guineas will bear no premium, or at most a very trifling one, and as the premium on them is lowered, they consequently become of less value to the landlord, and will be less eagerly sought for by him.

It is readily admitted that if bank notes are issued too largely, great disadvantages will arise to trade, as an extravagant issue, and a consequent extension of paper credit, will injure trade by raising the prices of manufactures, and increase the expenses of living by enhancing the price of the necessaries of life. But if the Bank of Ireland act prudently in their issues, they must necessarily check the inordinate issue of private banks as the notes of the latter are payable in Dublin in national bank notes.

In fine, the question is considerably narrowed....We have not guineas sufficient for general circulation, and cannot procure enough of them *on any terms* for the general purposes of trade.....Let us consider then, whether under present circumstances we would not act wisely by simplifying our business, and bringing our payments to one standard....It has been tried in the greater part of this province, without producing disadvantages....and some of those who formerly held out longest against the introduction of bank notes for the payment of linens in the markets into which they have been introduced, are now strenuous for the adoption of them in those markets which yet hold out in a contrary practice.

Although in the foregoing view, the subject is considered mostly with reference to linens, yet many of the facts will apply to trade in general. The cotton trade is entirely carried on in a bank note medium.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

### INTRODUCTION.

In making a report of the diseases most prevalent in any country or town, it must be at least desirable to the philosopher, as well as the physician, to be informed what probable influence its situation, considered both geographically and geologically, together with the prevailing manners of its inhabitants, and the manufactures most commonly exercised by them, may have, in giving origin to morbid actions in the human frame....Meteorology should lend its aid also, and as far as an accurate register of the barometer and thermometer can be useful in elucidating this intricate subject, it shall not be wanting. The quantity of rain, together with the prevalency of particular winds, have not been determined with sufficient accuracy to enable the Reporter to take advantage of them.

The town of Belfast, containing upwards of 26,000 inhabitants, is situated in a fertile valley, where the river Lagan disembogues itself into Carrickfergus-bay, or Belfast-lough, and nearly on a level with the water....In digging foundations, various marine organic remains, viz. shells, &c. have been found near the surface...It is in Lat. 54° 35½′ north. Long. 5° 46′ west, and is bounded on the north and east by Belfast-lough....To the westward, at about the distance of two or three miles, runs a ridge of bold, imposing mountains, composed of irregular basalt and limestone, whose elevation above the level of the sea, is, in some places nearly 1300 feet....On the south, the valley through which the river Lagan meanders, extends to Lisburn, a distance of about seven miles in a direct line. From this valley, copious exhalations arise, in the spring, summer and autumn, which are so far innocent in themselves, as to be unproductive (as far as the Reporter's observation or information enables him to judge) of agues or many other diseases originating from marsh miasmata. Indeed, intermittent fever is scarcely known here but by description. An opinion very generally prevails, that more rain falls in Belfast and its vicinity, than in almost any other place. This, with some modification, may, perhaps, be founded in truth; owing to the great evaporation from Belfast-lough, and the Lagan on the one side, and from Lough-neagh, a fresh water lake exposing a surface of 97½ Irish square miles on the opposite side of the ridge of mountains already mentioned, whose "cloud-capt" summits loaded with vapour moisten the country to a considerable distance with frequent showers. Mercantile probity, and honest industry seem to be characteristics of a great majority of the people of this town; however, it must be acknowledged that luxury and all its enervating consequences are creeping in among the more

wealthy classes; the middle ranks seem to live comfortably, neither cramped by penury, nor their bodily vigour unbraced by voluptuousness; and if they do occasionally indulge in any propensities which may be deemed injurious to the human constitution, it may be in the festivities of the table, or in the exercise of an opinion, that a quantity of ardent spirit (certainly too great) is absolutely necessary to promote digestion and ensure good health. The lower, or working classes of society are still more addicted to copious spirituous potations, and mostly in an undiluted state. The moral and physical effects of this vice, together with its fostering parent, the cotton manufactory, shall be considered more in detail, in a future report, and some hints proposed for its regulation, which at the same time that they will not curtail the emolument of the proprietor, may tend to lessen the sum of human misery in, and to rescue from mental and physical degeneracy, many thousands of both sexes. I shall now conclude this introduction already too prolix, with a quotation from the late and respectable Dr. Darwin, exhibiting in colours, not more glaring than true, the dreadful consequences of Bacchanalian indulgencies....

"Some inebrieties have their paroxysms of inebriety terminated by much pale urine, or profuse sweats, or vomiting, or stools; others have their paroxysms terminated by stupor, or sleep without the above evacuations. The former of these inebrieties have been observed to be more liable to *diabetes* and *dropsy;* and the latter to *gout*, *gravel* and *leprosy*.....Evoe! attend ye Bacchanalians! start at this dark train of evils, and amid your immodest jests and ideot laughter, recollect

*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

Zoonom. vol. i. sect. xxix. 5.

*Belfast*, 28*th August*, 1808.

*List of Diseases occurring in the practice of a Physician in Belfast, from* 28*th July till* 28*th August.*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Barometer.....highest | | 30 | 40 | Thermometer....highest | | 75 | 60 |
| | mean | 30 | 9 | | mean | 69 | 48 |
| | lowest | 29 | 70 | | lowest | 61 | 6 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Synocha* | 3 | An inflammatory fever...not infectious. |
| *Synochus* | 6 | Of a mixed nature, between typhus and synocha. |
| *Typhus mitior* | 3 | Nervous or common infectious fever. |
| *Erysipilas* | 1 | Saint Anthony's fire or rose. |
| *Opthalmia* | 5 | Inflammation of the eye. |
| *Variola* | 2 | Small-pox. |
| *Rubeola* | 3 | Measles. |
| *Psora* | 5 | Itch. |
| *Herpes* | 3 | Ringworm, tetter, &c. |
| *Hydrocele* | 1 | Dropsy of the coats of the testicle. |
| *Icterus* | 1 | Jaundice. |
| *Asthma* | 3 | Asthma, or shortness of breath. |
| *Dyspepsia* | 3 | Indigestion. |
| *Asthenia* | 4 | Nervous debility, mostly the consequence of intemperance. |
| *Cholera Morbus* | 3 | Excessive vomiting and purging. |
| *Dysenteria* | 3 | Bloody flux. |
| *Diarrhœa* | 2 | Looseness or liquid stools. |
| *Pthysis Pulmonaris* | 1 | Consumption of the lungs. |
| *Syphilis* | 6 | Venereal diseases. |
| *Gonorrhœa* | 3 | Venereal diseases. |
| *Mania* | 1 | Madness. |
| *Morbi Infantiles* | 30 | Febrile and bowel complaints of children. |

## NATURALIST'S REPORT.

INTRODUCTION.

In the earliest periods of society, men of observation must soon have perceived that particular seasons afforded better prospects of their labours being crowned with success than others; and they soon learned to prognosticate the most proper time for beginning to hunt, fish, and sow their grain. Hesiod, one of the earliest writers whom the hand of time has spared, directs his countrymen to be observant of the rising of Orion, Arcturus, the coming of the Crane and the cry of the Cuckoo. Virgil afterwards in a more philosophic age, points out a

life, will probably not exceed twenty, or at most thirty guineas per annum....With what propriety can he require to receive one hundred and fifty six guineas procured at a great expense by the purchaser, to provide for an annual payment of twenty or thirty ?....Besides, if bank notes come into general circulation, guineas will bear no premium, or at most a very trifling one, and as the premium on them is lowered, they consequently become of less value to the landlord, and will be less eagerly sought for by him.

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Zoonom. vol. i. sect. xxix. 5.

*Belfast, 28th August*, 1808.

*List of Diseases occurring in the practice of a Physician in Belfast, from 28th July till 28th August.*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Barometer.....highest | | 30 | 40 | Thermometer....highest | | 75 | 60 |
| mean | | 30 | 9 | mean | | 69 | 48 |
| lowest | | 29 | 70 | lowest | | 61 | 6 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Synocha* | 3 | An inflammatory fever...not infectious. |
| *Synochus* | 6 | Of a mixed nature, between typhus and synocha. |
| *Typhus mitior* | 3 | Nervous or common infectious fever. |
| *Erysipilas* | 1 | Saint Anthony's fire or rose. |
| *Opthalmia* | 5 | Inflammation of the eye. |
| *Variola* | 2 | Small-pox. |
| *Rubeola* | 3 | Measles. |
| *Psora* | 5 | Itch. |
| *Herpes* | 3 | Ringworm, tetter, &c. |
| *Hydrocele* | 1 | Dropsy of the coats of the testicle. |
| *Icterus* | 1 | Jaundice. |
| *Asthma* | 3 | Asthma, or shortness of breath. |
| *Dyspepsia* | 3 | Indigestion. |
| *Asthenia* | 4 | Nervous debility, mostly the consequence of intemperance. |
| *Cholera Morbus* | 3 | Excessive vomiting and purging. |
| *Dysenteria* | 3 | Bloody flux. |
| *Diarrhœa* | 2 | Looseness or liquid stools. |
| *Pthysis Pulmonaris* | 1 | Consumption of the lungs. |
| *Syphilis* | 6 | Venereal diseases. |
| *Gonorrhœa* | 3 | Venereal diseases. |
| *Mania* | 1 | Madness. |
| *Morbi Infantiles* | 30 | Febrile and bowel complaints of children. |

## NATURALIST'S REPORT.

### INTRODUCTION.

In the earliest periods of society, men of observation must soon have perceived that particular seasons afforded better prospects of their labours being crowned with success than others; and they soon learned to prognosticate the most proper time for beginning to hunt, fish, and sow their grain. Hesiod, one of the earliest writers whom the hand of time has spared, directs his countrymen to be observant of the rising of Orion, Arcturus, the coming of the Crane and the cry of the Cuckoo. Virgil afterwards in a more philosophic age, points out a

greater variety of signs by which the husbandman may judge of the weather and approaching seasons, and however extraordinary it may appear, the same appearances which Virgil mentions as foretelling changes of the weather in Italy, equally indicate rain, storms, and fine weather in Ireland; that this is the case most of the people, called weather-wise, will readily agree. The learned Theophrastus in his history of plants has carefully noted the time of their leafing and flowering, with the appearance of some birds in the neighbourhood of Athens; and Aristophanes shows how attentive the Greeks were in his time to the appearance of birds, when he makes one of them in the Comedy of Birds say, "The greatest blessings which can happen to you mortals are derived from us; we show you the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and Winter.....The Crane points out the time for sowing. When she flies with her warning notes into Egypt, she bids the sailor hang up his rudder and take his rest, and every prudent man provide himself with winter garments. Next the Kite proclaims another season, and time to shear your sheep. After that the Swallow informs you when it is time to put on summer cloaths. We are to you, adds the chorus, Ammon, Dodona, Apollo; for after consulting us you undertake every thing; merchandize, purchases, marriages, &c." But the celebrated Linnæus was the first, who endeavoured to establish a calendar for the husbandman and the gardener independent of astronomical signs, which in our northern and variable climate seldom prognosticate the changes of the weather with such certainty as might be expected. As plants however vegetate according to the temperature which prevails, and flowers blow in a regular and never varying order, we have certain means which can never fail, for directing us when to begin and leave off the various operations in husbandry and gardening. Should we therefore find, after a few years experience, that the best crops were uniformly produced when we sowed or planted at the time a particular tree or plant flowered, we have ever after a sure guide independent of astronomical revolutions, and can direct others to pursue the same plan in whatever country they are placed. Thus if we have found that on sowing peas or other seed when the gooseberry flowered, they were ready for gathering, when the corn marygold flowered; we are pretty sure that each succeeding year the same uniformity will prevail, and, by a little attention, the times of gathering other crops will soon be known: a matter of considerable importance to all who wish to enjoy the products of their garden in succession. Advantages nearly similar may be derived from attention to the migration of birds. These never fail to bring us the earliest intelligence of whatever changes in the weather we are to expect. When the Woodcock, Fieldfare, and other winter birds of passage appear unusually soon, and in uncommon numbers, we have every reason to expect a severe winter, and when Wildgeese and Swans pass to the southward we know that the season being severe and the waters frozen northward, a change of the wind towards that quarter will be accompanied by similar weather. We should accordingly provide ourselves with shelter, food, and suitable raiment, and the attentive gardener protection for his tender plants. But when the Swift appears, let him turn out the inhabitants of his greenhouse. By attention to insects, independent of receiving notice of an approaching plenty or scarcity of fish, we may often guard against their destructive effects.

Thus may man by the study of nature gain new powers, triumph over obstacles which present themselves on every side, and by means, placed by the Deity within his reach, acquire fore-knowledge.

REPORT.

1. Quail (Tetrao Coturnix) White Throat (Motacilla Sylvia) and Common Wren (M. Troglodytes) singing.

3. Autumnal Squill (Scilla Autumnalis) and Paniculated Lychnidea (Phlox Paniculata) flowering.

Yellow Hammer (Emberiza Citrinella) begins his Monotonous and melancholy song.

That rare insect the Thistle Butterfly (Papilio Cardui) has appeared this month in considerable numbers.

4. Cenaothus Americanus, flowering.

6. Willow Wren (Motacilla Trochilus) singing, and Elecampane (Inula Helenium) flowering.

10. Carnations now begin to decorate the Florist's parterre.

11. Perfoliate Silphium (Silphium Perfoliatum) Rudbeckia Laciniata, Rudbeckia Digitata, and Proliferous, Saint John's Wort (Hypericum Proliferum) flowering.

13. Red Admirable Butterfly (Papilio Atalanta) appearing.

16. Red Eyebright (Euphrasia Odontites) and Superb Lily (Lilium Superbum) flowering.

17. The reaping of barley and oats now commenced, and what was not laid by the heavy rains appears a good crop, but the wheat greatly injured by mildew (Uredo Frumenti.)

18. Silver Stripe Fritillary Butterfly (Papilio Paphia) and Clouded Orange Butterfly (Papilio Ædusa) have appeared this season in considerable numbers.

27. Chequer Flowered Meadow Saffron (Colchicum Variegatum) flowering. Common Swallow (Hirundo Rustica) begin to gather in flocks.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

INTRODUCTION.

To prognosticate the changes which take place in the atmosphere, is so interesting an object with every description of persons, from the beggar to him that sits on an Imperial Throne, that whatever has in the smallest degree tended towards facilitating a knowledge of the impending changes has been greedily received, and the first philosophers of Europe have not thought it beneath them, to keep registers of the weather, in hopes, that, at some future period, mankind might derive important advantages from their observations. Franklin, De Luc, and others, have endeavoured to invent instruments better fitted to mark the changes which take place; but none hold a more conspicuous place than our countryman, Mr. R. Kirwan, who, in his estimate of the temperature of the different latitudes, has given a series of tables, calculated with infinite industry, from the Transactions of Learned Societies established in different quarters of the world. By these tables, the temperature may be calculated with sufficient accuracy for agricultural or horticultural purposes; but the husbandman is yet at a loss to know what dependence should be placed on the flitting clouds, whether his hay, when exposed to dry, will meet the long-wished-for sun-shine; and the gay party, bent upon a rural excursion, are yet afraid to fix a particular period for their intended journey. In hopes, however, that at some future day, a genius may arise, who will arrange and give to the world, a system which shall tend to remove that uncertainty, mankind, at present, labour under, with regard to foretelling the various modifications of the atmosphere, we will endeavour to present a series of well authenticated observations, which may assist him to complete so desirable an undertaking.

The showery weather which commenced with the 15th of July, continued with little intermission until the 17th of August, when a change took place, and good harvest weather continued till the 27th. About 4 P. M. of that day, loud thunder was heard to the southward of Belfast, attended with heavy rain, which apparently terminated in the south-east, and a clear sky, with a pleasant breeze, has since prevailed. It has been said, that, by the course of the thunder clouds, and their point of termination, the weather, which will in all probability follow, may be pretty accurately guessed at. This is a matter, however, that we do not at present venture to decide upon; but will be glad of any observations from our Correspondents, which may elucidate this matter.

The heat of this summer, which has been unusually great, has gradually begun to decline; on the 5th and 16th the thermometer at 8 A. M. was as high as 66, but on the 28 it was as low as 49, at 9 A. M. On the 6th at 3 P. M. it was as high as 71, which was the highest observed this month.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1808.

The moon passes the meridian of Belfast on the 1st of this month at fifty-five minutes past nine afternoon; the two first stars of the Goat being near her, but west of the meridian....at nine she is forty-nine degrees ten minutes from the first of Pegasus, which is east of her, and fifty-six degrees twelve minutes from Antares, who is west of her, and near the horizon; and towards the north a little west of the meridian is Altair, the bright star in the Eagle.

On the 5th she rises about seven, soon after which Jupiter may be seen west of her; as she ascends the heavens, she seems to be midway between the lines drawn through the two western and two eastern of the four stars in the square....at nine,

she is fifty-seven degrees thirty-two minutes from the first of the Eagle, and nearly north of her, at a little distance is Markab, a bright star in Pegasus.

On the 10th she rises about nine, having passed the ecliptic in the morning, but without producing an eclipse, passing, soon after, the line between the Pleiades and the first of the Whale and is directing her course to the fifth of the Bull, above Aldebaran.

On the 15th she rises thirty minutes past one in the morning, and soon after, a little to the south, may be observed Procyon, the bright star in the Little Dog.

On the 20th is new Moon, at fifty minutes past seven in the morning, but without an eclipse.

On the 25th she passes the meridian at fifteen minutes past five in the evening; about half past eight she passes over the seventeenth of the Serpent Bearer, said star being four minutes south of the Moon's centre, and she is directing her course to the twelfth of the Archer, and the first two of the Scorpion; at nine, she is ninety-one degrees four minutes from the first of Pegasus.

On the 30th she passes the meridian forty minutes past nine, the first of the Water Bearer being above her, to the east, and the second to the west of the meridian; Jupiter, to the east below the four small stars in the Water Pot, and Fomalhaut nearly south by east, in the lower region, will attract attention.

Mercury is scarcely visible this month.....Venus is an evening star, but too near the sun to be visible.

Mars, is a morning star, and on the 1st is to the west of the first two stars of the Crab, whence he passes with a direct motion towards the first of the Lion, but does not reach it this month.

Jupiter rises in the dusk of the evening in the beginning of this month; on the 5th he is in opposition to the sun, and on the 25th passes the meridian at four minutes past 11 at night. The whole of this month is very favourable for observations on him with a telescope, and with a good one, we may be gratified by observing the changes and positions of his moons.

Saturn passes the meridian at forty-two minutes past four in the afternoon, on the 1st, and on the 25th at twenty three minutes past three, consequently he sets earlier every succeeding evening and our opportunities of examining him to advantage are daily declining.

Herschell, or Georgium Sidus, passes the meridian on the 1st, at forty-one minutes past three in the afternoon, and on the 21st, at thirty three-minutes past two, he is too near the horizon after dark to be seen.

The Sun enters Libra on the 23d of this month at one minute past six in the morning, at which time is the autumnal Equinox.

## *TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

SIMPLEX will perceive, on adverting to the Prospectus, that his Essay is too closely connected with one of the topics on which we are determined to be silent, to be admitted. On any other subject, we shall be proud to rank him among our Correspondents.

EUBINO is requested to forward the remainder of the Spanish Tale, that it may be inserted in our next.

It has been thought advisable to postpone the publication of Publicola's Letter for the present, as it relates to a subject on which some difference of opinion has existed, in this part of the country.

The Essay on Homer has also been delayed, principally because it extends beyond the limits which have been fixed to the department of Ancient Literature. We wish the Author would turn his attention to some of the other Classics, whose merits have not been so accurately investigated, and which would therefore afford more scope for the Writer's talent, and, by its novelty, excite a greater degree of interest in the mind of the Reader.

The Epigrams, signed S. M. S. are under consideration.

ERRATA.

Page 48, Fragment, 2d column, 4th line from the top, for *gristly wing*, read, gristly king—p. 44, 1st col. 12th line from the bottom, for *Britains*, read Britons—p. 45, 2d col. 2d line from the top, for *human race*, read human face—at the bottom of the same column, the signature should be transposed to the end of the following stanza—p. 52, 2d col. 7th line from the top, for *illa*, read illi—in the same page, 2d col. 35th line from the bottom, for *barbarism*, read barbarisms—p. 53. 2d col. 10th line from the bottom, for crusade of *things*, read crusade of kings.